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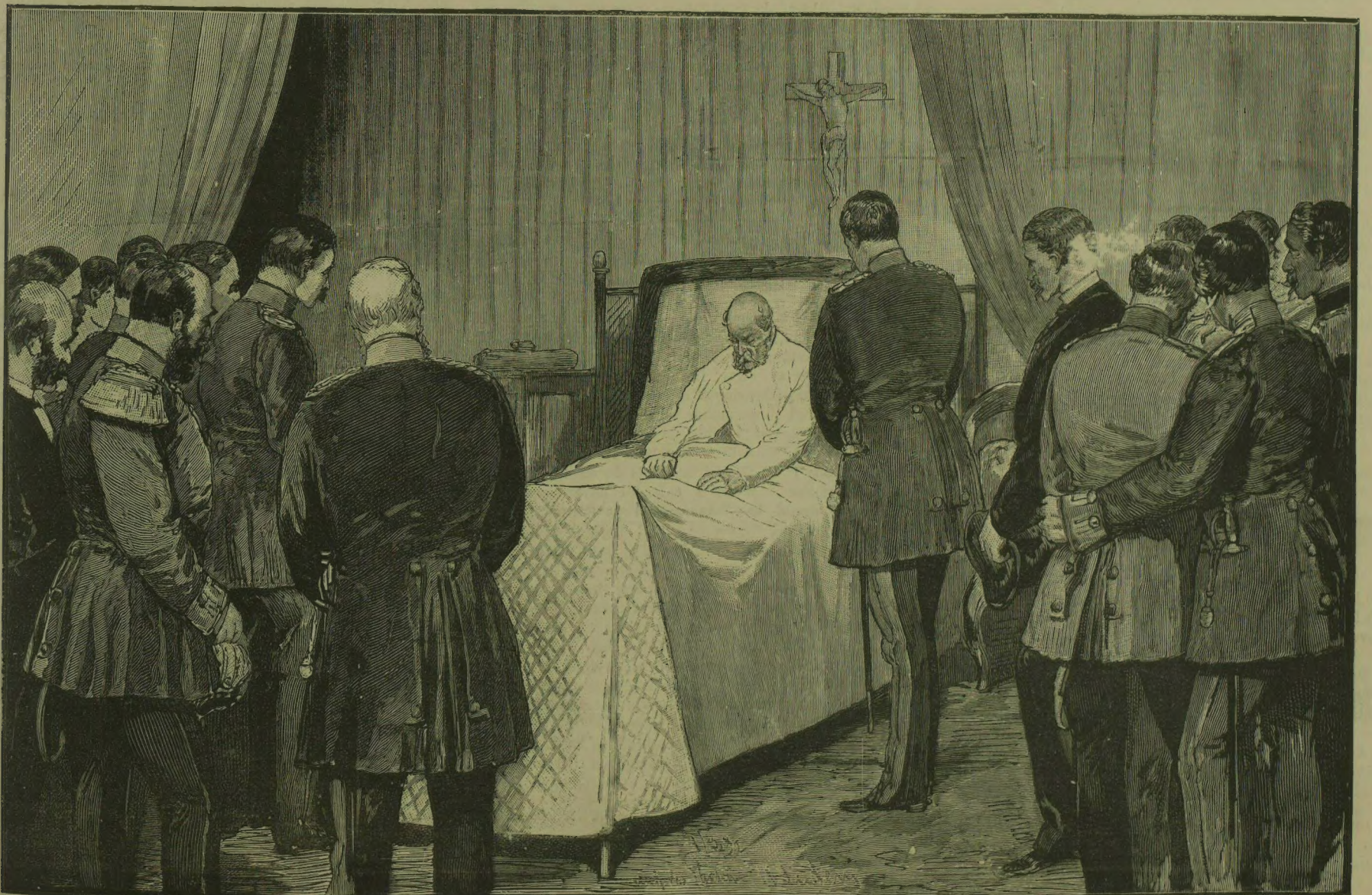
SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888.

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THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE DEAD EMPEROR, WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.



THE EMPEROR'S DEATH-BED.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In his "Fifty Years Ago," Mr. Walter Besant has given us some admirable pictures of the manners and customs of our fathers and grandfathers; he is a lover of the past (with a weakness even for prize-fighting), and therefore all the more fit to be its biographer. It is strange, indeed, to come upon an annalist with a knowledge of human nature and a sense of humour, and we sometimes almost forget that he is writing annals. Whether "In the Street," or "With the Middle-Class," or "In Club and Card Land," he makes us equally at home; while "In Factory and Mine" his picture of the good old times and their victims is pathetic indeed. Only in one instance is he the satirist; but, remembering that, judged by his works, Mr. Besant is inclined to Toryism, it is a noteworthy one. He thus describes (the italics are his own) the single exception to the universal change. "Now, as then, the Court is a thing apart from the life of the country. For the best class of all—those who are continually advancing the country in science, or keeping alight the sacred lamp of letters, who are its scholars, architects, engineers, artists, poets, journalists, who are the merchant adventurers of modern times, who are the preachers and teachers—the Court simply does not exist. One states the fact without comment, but it should be stated and clearly understood. *The whole of those men who in this generation maintain the greatness of our country in the ways where alone greatness is desirable or memorable (except in arms), the only men of this generation whose memories will live and adorn the Victorian era, are strangers to the Court.* It seems a great pity. An ideal Court should be the centre of everything—Art, Letters, Science, all."

In other respects, the changes that have taken place since fifty years ago amongst us are stupendous; but of all fashions that fade and die there is no fashion, for popularity to-day and neglect to-morrow, like the literary fashion. It is a subject on which no wise man will risk a prophecy. When I hear those who fancy themselves critics affirm that the works of their favourite writer will endure as long as the English language, I feel a contempt for them only less than that which I feel for those who tell me that, fifty years hence, my favourite writer will be forgotten. What do we know about posterity? Its likings and its dislikings are absolutely out of our ken. That a writer should be less popular with one generation than another is, of course, to be expected; but who can explain the fact that works "that took the cake" with our grandfathers are as flavourless to ourselves as cowslip wine a hundred years old? Some of us, indeed, still praise them—mainly for the purpose of making modern writers uncomfortable by unfavourable comparisons—but none of us read them. Perhaps the most striking example of this is Richardson's "Pamela." We have it upon Sir John Herschel's authority that, in the village where his informant lived as a youth, the blacksmith, seated on his anvil, used to read the novel aloud on summer evenings, and "never failed to have a large and attentive audience"; at length—and all who know Richardson know how long it was—when the author brought the hero and heroine happily together, the audience were so delighted (not, as we should have been, because it was all over, but from the seeming reality of the story) that they "raised a great shout, and, procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells a-ringing."

Anything more contemptible than the proceedings of the late international prize-fight, with its impotent conclusion, has never been witnessed, even in "the ring." Pugilism may be said to have saved the moralists a good deal of trouble by having committed suicide. It is curious, however, to contrast the braggart self-advertising Yankee, the funky Britisher, the half-hundred spectators, comprising the very scum of London blackguardism, and the whole running fight in the mud, with the great fistic contests of the olden time; when Royal Dukes were the backers of the combatants, and Humphries fought Mendoza in white silk stockings with gold clocks, and pumps tied with ribbons. Nothing gives us a better notion of the former popularity of the practice, and of the aristocratic patronage it once enjoyed, than the fact that our most popular drawing-room poet wrote one of his severest political satires in prize-ring phraseology, and depicted the members of the Holy Alliance drawing each other's "claret" and clouting each other's "nobs." Though his design was allegorical it is easy to gather from his verse the mixture of the "classes" and the "masses" that took place at those entertainments:—

"Twas diverting to see, as one ogled around,
How Corinthians and Commoners mixed on the ground.
Here M—ntr—se and an Israelite met face to face,
The Duke, a place-hunter—the Jew, from Duke's place;
While Nicky V—ns—tt—t, not caring to roam,
Got among the white-bagmen* and felt quite at home.
Here C—nd—n, who never till now was suspected
Of fancy, or ought that is therewith connected,
Got close to a dealer in donkeys, who eyed him,
Jack Scroggins remark'd, "just as if he'd have buy'd him";
While poor Boggy B—ck—gh—m well might look pale,
As there stood a great Rat-catcher close to his tail!

As the bard who thus writes gave us "Lalla Rookh" and the "Irish Melodies," it can hardly be said of him that his genius, whatever its shortcomings, wanted variety.

A wretch, who calls himself the "champion contortionist," was brought up before a Magistrate the other day for torturing a child of four years old—whom he had purchased for his trade—by "bending back" its little limbs, and beating it black and blue with a brush. His whining defence was that he did not know the brush hurt so. If I had been the Cadi, I would have convinced him as to what hurts, and taught him a contortion or two not in his programme. Considering the age of the victim, I remember nothing so shocking since that of the Miniature Tiger King in Paris: a little fellow who was shut up in a cage with cats to imitate wild-beast taming, with the results that always happen when those animals have

no escape from ill-usage. I would have treated *his* proprietor more leniently than he did the poor boy. I would have shut him up with only one cat—with nine beautiful tails—and plenty of room to swing it in. Let the philanthropists say what they will, there is no punishment so deterrent for the cruel. Some philosophers attribute cruelty to misdirected high spirits—a sort of malignant horse-play. There was certainly a grim humour in the defence made by a gentleman of this class the other day, charged with beating his wife with a poker: he said he only used "the soft end"—the handle.

The suggestion that has lately been made that men-cooks should take the place of women, not, as at present, in rich households only, but in those of people of moderate means, is well worthy of consideration. The greatest plague of domestic life has long been cooks; and they are getting worse instead of better. It is the custom to blame the mistresses for this, and they are certainly by no means free from reproach: a lady, in other matters trustworthy enough, will often tell a downright falsehood to get a bad cook out of her house. She excuses herself upon the same ground on which dishonest persons defend their passing bad money on us, because somebody else has passed it on *them*. They remind me of that member of a religious body who observed to a deacon of the neighbouring parish that he didn't think much of the new minister he had sent them, though he *had* "cracked him up" so; to which the deacon calmly replied, "And you will have to 'crack him up' too, if you want to get rid of him." Still, it is the cooks themselves who are the chief impostors. According to their own account, there is nothing they can't cook—till they try. In every other calling the applicant has to give his proofs; the clerk has to forward his handwriting; the Government official has his examination to pass. But we must take the cook's own opinion of her efficiency, backed by her late mistress's interested warranty. These things ought not so to be. Why are we all liable to be poisoned for a month, or to pay a month's wages for nothing? If the so-called schools of cookery are worth even their salt, they should guarantee to their patrons at least one trial of their clients, which the latter would willingly pay for; it would be much more satisfactory than their present assurance that their Mary Janes can "cook for a Prince." I have had cause to wonder who that Prince is, and (especially) whether he still survives.

In the abstract of "Crime in the Army" which has just been published, I see no notice of malingering. The short service system has, probably, done away with it. The contests between the soldiers who wanted to get out of the army, and the doctors who wanted to keep them in it, were often very obstinate and protracted. What the sham sick went through in pursuit of their evil end threw the tortures of the martyrs into the shade; but they were generally successful. On the other hand an unexpected ordeal would sometimes blast the fruits of years of imposition. In one case, a poor fellow, who was supposed to have lost the use of his lower limbs, was sent home from the Mediterranean, after no less than two years of duplicity, to be discharged. A fire, however, broke out on board the ship, and the first man in the first boat—he also had his trunk of clothes with him—was that chronic invalid. Now-a-days, there is still some malingering among schoolboys, when Dr. Blimber receives his little friends at the conclusion of the holidays; but it is nothing to what it used to be, in the old hard days of school. Even schoolgirls were adepts at it. One of the most famous cases was that of a girl of fifteen who feigned tic-doloureux. She was very good-looking, which, no doubt, helped her to take in the physicians; but she did it very completely. The great Dr. Thomson, of her day—as one may read in the *Medical and Surgical Journal*—made her case an illustration of "the effects of mental impressions on the nervous system." It was a scientific "precedent" for eight years, when the young lady, who had then become a wife and a mother, wrote to apologise for making a fool of him. "The fact is," she wrote, with charming frankness, "I didn't like my school."

Dr. Alice Vickery, a learned lady lecturer against tobacco, but presumably not a "Girton girl," states that the practice of smoking is "creeping in" at Girton. I do not know whether this is correct, but plenty of people will be found to say it isn't, even if it's true. She says that for her part she thinks it would be better for gentlemen to give up tobacco, "to join the ladies," rather than ladies should take to it to join the gentlemen. (Her phraseology is happy, but not original. I remember hearing of a lady of advanced opinions—and who advanced them rather too freely in the drawing-room—being reproved by her hostess with the remark, "Don't you think, Miss Plain Speaker, we had better join the gentlemen?") If the Girton girls do smoke, I wonder what they smoke? What a splendid advertisement for mild tobacco would be—"As smoked at Girton"! There is a mixture called "Sweetness and Light," which owes its title to Mr. Matthew Arnold; but what chance would even that have with one with the "girl-graduates" seal of approval on it. Their weakness, however, is probably for cigarettes (not, I fear, with a mouthpiece; in that case sentimental youths would buy them by the gross: it would be like kissing at second-hand)—things which, when I attempt to "roll," nothing comes of it but shreds and paper; but which, by those delicate and dainty fingers, are doubtless manipulated with the utmost skill. What a trade-mark would be a Beauty in cap and gown; what a brand: "Whiffs of Paradise"! I throw out the idea for nothing, in hopes that some generous and conscientious tobacco merchant will not permit virtue to be its own reward.

The Giant, the greatest, if not the most popular, attraction of the Winter Circus in Paris, has "bolted," and, with his personal raiment, many yards of cloth of gold, the property of his proprietors. Giants are generally a trouble to those who keep them: perhaps from seeing so much of themselves, they *think* too much of themselves; but they are always

dissatisfied. The Giant at Cremorne once poured his woes into the sympathising ear of Frank Buckland; he complained that he was shown for a shilling in the same compartment with the straight-haired negress, at whose woolly head visitors were allowed a pull apiece, to satisfy themselves of its genuineness. The good-natured naturalist recommended the son of Anak to strike for more wages and a separate exhibition. He did not say, "If you fail, come to me"; but that was just what he did. A cab arrived one morning at F. B.'s residence—which was not at all fitted in size for the reception of such a person—with a head and shoulders out of window, ten feet of legs inside, and a great crowd of admirers all around it. Never was guest of eminence less welcome; still, he was the only giant, F. B. used to say, who had good legs, and thanks to them and his host's knowledge of the proprietors of travelling caravans, which was both "extensive and peculiar," he soon got an engagement. But F. B. never forgot his visit. The details were unpleasant, and can be best described, as it were, negatively. Everyone has heard of and some of us have read "The Angel in the House"; well, a giant in the house is just the reverse of all that.

THE WILL OF THE LATE MR. GEORGE COPE, J.P., OF LIVERPOOL.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1888) and codicil of the late Mr. George Cope, J.P., of Dove Park, Woolton, near Liverpool, were on March 19 proved in the Liverpool District Registry by the executors, Elise Cope, widow of the deceased, and Messrs. William Henry Tate and William Staveley Taylor, the personalty being sworn at £274,923 1s. 6d. The testator bequeaths his wines, horses, carriages, plants, &c., at Dove Park, and all his household effects at Garthmeilio Villa, Llangwm, near Corwen, and an immediate bequest of £500, to his wife, absolutely. Dove Park, and all household furniture and effects therein, he devises, in trust, for his wife, during widowhood, "as a home for herself and daughter, Lilian." After his wife's death or re-marriage the premises are to form part of his residuary estate. The testator bequeaths the following legacies:—£1000 to William Staveley Taylor, if he should prove the will; to his "friend and solicitor," George Russell Rogerson, a security of the value of £3300; £20 to each of his servants (male and female) for every year of service; £200 to each of the following employés in Cope Bros. and Co., Limited: Ralph Robinson, John James Wycherley, John Fraser, William Edwards, Jonathan Heywood, and John Dermott, and £1000 to Cope's Benevolent Fund—all the legacies to be paid free of duty. The testator bequeaths to his trustees £100,000, with interest at 4 per cent from his death, until investment, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife during widowhood, and in case of her remarriage the trustees are to retain £50,000, and to pay the income to his wife during the remainder of her life. Subject to the above trusts the sum of £100,000 or £50,000, as the case may be, is to form part of his residuary estate, which is devised, upon trust, for sale and conversion, and to pay the income to his daughter Lilian, for life; after her decease, in trust, for her children or remoter issue as she may appoint, and, in default of appointment, in trust, for her children equally. The trustees are specially empowered during his wife's widowhood to apply in their uncontrolled discretion any portion of the income of the entire trust funds in augmentation of the income by the will provided for her. Subject as above, the trustees are to hold the trust funds in trust for such persons as his daughter may by will appoint. The ultimate trusts of the funds as shall not be exhausted are as follows:—To pay the entire income to the wife during widowhood. If she remarry, the trustees to set apart £75,000 and pay the income to his wife during the remainder of her life, in augmentation of the income of the £50,000 already given to her upon her remarriage; and to pay the following legacies free of duty:—To the deceased's sister, Sarah Sharpe, £5000; to his half-sister, Amelia Ann Jane, £5000; to his nephews and niece, Warren Jane, William Jane, and Hetty Jane, £2000 each; to his wife's brothers, George Walter and Franz Von Garn, £5000 each; to Ellen Smith, £5000; to Avicie Littledale, £5000; to William Staveley Taylor, £5000; to George Russell Rogerson, £5000; to George Foster Rogerson, £10,000; to the Woolton Convalescent Institution, £5000; and to Cope's Benevolent Fund, £10,000. The ultimate residue is bequeathed to nephews and nieces living at the time of failure or determination of the trusts previously declared, in equal shares.

WILL OF MR. EDWIN ROWLEY.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1875), with one codicil, of Mr. Edwin Rowley, of Gawthorpe Hall, near Wakefield, in the county of York, who died on Jan. 30 last, has been proved in the Wakefield District Registry of the Court of Probate. The personal estate is sworn to be £121,453 6s. 6d. The testator bequeaths to his widow the use of the furniture and effects at Gawthorpe Hall and an annuity of £1000; and, subject thereto, he bequeaths the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for the benefit of his three surviving children, Joseph, William Edwin, and John Arthur, and their issue, equally. The testator appoints his said three sons and Messrs. John Greaves Wiseman and William Elgie Sherwood, his executors, and gives legacies of £100 each to the two latter.

In the abstract of Mr. Charles Cave John Orme's will, given in our last issue, it should have been stated that the testator's real estate is settled upon his cousin, Mr. George Allington (not Allison) Robinson.

There were exceptionally large musters of Metropolitan Volunteers on Saturday, March 17, when the last opportunity but one was afforded for extended preliminary practice prior to the Easter manoeuvres.

Mr. E. Brodie Hoare, the new M.P. for the borough of Hampstead, has contributed £100 to the fund being raised for the purchase of Parliament Hill and the adjacent meadows as an extension of Hampstead-heath for the use and enjoyment of the public for ever. Only a little over £3000 is now required to complete the sum necessary for the purchase.

Mr. James Edwin Thorold Rogers, M.A., Lecturer of Worcester College, has been elected to the vacant chair of Political Economy at Oxford University, a position he previously held from 1862 to 1868. Mr. Rogers is also Professor of Political Economy at King's College, London. The examiners for the Denyer and Johnson Scholarships have elected to the scholarships C. J. Casher, B.A., St. John's College, and H. B. Lindsell, B.A., Trinity College.—At King's College, Cambridge, Mr. Herbert E. Ryle, M.A., Fellow and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, has been elected to the vacant professorial fellowship, and Mr. J. H. Middleton, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art. The lately vacant Bell's (University) scholarships have been awarded as under:—C. L. Davies, Trinity College, T. A. E. Sanderson, Trinity College. The electors expressed an opinion that the merits of H. St. J. Thackeray, of King's College, are nearly equal to those of the successful candidates.

* Pickpockets.

THE COURT.

The Queen and Princess Christa of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household, attended a special service held in the private chapel at Windsor Castle at eleven o'clock in the morning of March 16, at the same time that the funeral of his Majesty the late Emperor of Germany was taking place at Berlin. It being the anniversary of the death of the much-lamented Duchess of Kent, the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, went, in the morning, to her Royal Highness's mausoleum at Frogmore, which was afterwards, by the Queen's command, opened between the hours of three and five o'clock for the members and servants of the Royal household, and others who may have served her Royal Highness, to visit it. The Queen held a Council on March 17, at which were present Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I. (Lord President of the Council), the Earl of Lathom (Lord Chamberlain), and Viscount Cross, G.C.B. (Secretary of State for India). Her Majesty pricked the list of Sheriffs for this year. The Marquis of Salisbury and Viscount Cranbrook had audiences of her Majesty previous to the Council. The Hon. Sir William Stuart, K.C.M.G., C.B., had an audience of her Majesty on the termination of his mission to the Court of the Netherlands, and on his retirement from her Majesty's diplomatic service. Mr. Hugh Guion MacDonnell and Mr. George Hugh Wyndham, C.B., kissed hands on their appointment as Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to the Court of Denmark and the Court of Brazil respectively. The Duke of Rutland (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster) had an audience of the Queen, at which her Majesty pricked the Sheriff for the Duchy. The Duke delivered up to the Queen the Badge of the Order of the Garter worn by his late brother. The ex-Empress Eugénie, attended by Madame D'Arcos and Monsieur Pietri, arrived at Windsor Castle in the evening. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and Miss Ponsonby had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner-party. On Sunday, March 18, the Queen and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein and the members of her Majesty's household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. James Fleming, B.D., Canon of York and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, officiated; and Canon Fleming preached the sermon. A special service in memory of the late German Emperor was held at the German Chapel Royal in London on Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Walbaum officiating. There was a large attendance, among those present being Prince George of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Christian, the Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg, the Duke of Teck, and many other distinguished persons. The ex-Empress Eugénie took leave of her Majesty on March 19. Prince Henry of Battenberg accompanied her to the Great Western Railway station in Windsor. Her Majesty the Queen, who had arranged to leave Windsor on March 20 for Italy, deferred her departure until the day following, for the purpose of receiving the Prince of Wales and the Envoy of the Emperor of Germany.

We are authorised to state, in addition to the announcement previously made, that the Queen intends to hold two Drawing-rooms in May.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Cambridge, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Christian, and their suites, arrived at Charing-cross at a quarter-past five on Tuesday morning, March 20, from Berlin. General Von Loë, who comes as special envoy from the new German Emperor to the Queen, accompanied the Royal party, who crossed the Channel from Calais by the special steamer Victoria. Mr. Grimstedt, the superintendent at Charing-cross Station, received the Royal party, who drove to Marlborough House. The Prince visited the Queen at Windsor, and lunched with her Majesty, returning to London during the afternoon. The Prince and Princess and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, visited the Empress of Austria at Claridge's Hotel in the morning; and the Empress of Austria, accompanied by the Archduchess Marie Valerie, visited the Prince and Princess and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark at Marlborough House in the afternoon. Prince George was presented with the honorary freedom of the Mercers' Company, and afterwards lunched with the Master and Wardens in the hall of the company. The Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark visited the Scandinavian Sailors' Home, which was recently opened in the East-End of London by Prince Oscar. They stayed for nearly an hour, and took great interest in the building and the work carried on there. Miss Hedenström, the founder and manager of the home, showed the Royal visitors over the building. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at the nineteenth annual concert in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage at St. James's Hall.

The residents of Windsor have subscribed upwards of £500 towards a testimonial for Princess Christian, to whom it is proposed to present a diamond necklet, in recognition of the kindly interest which her Royal Highness has displayed in the welfare of the poor of the town. Among the subscribers were 1411 persons who had contributed pennies and other small sums.

The Empress of Austria, travelling as Countess of Hohenems, and her youngest daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, arrived at Victoria Station on Saturday afternoon, March 17, coming straight from Buda-Pesth, Hungary. They drove to Claridge's Hotel, Brook-street, where they intend staying for four or five weeks. The Empress and her daughter were welcomed at the hotel by Count Karolyi, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and the whole staff of the Embassy. On Sunday morning, March 18, they attended mass at the Farm-street Roman Catholic Chapel, and afterwards paid a visit to the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park. On Monday morning the Empress and the Archduchess Marie Valerie visited the National Gallery, and spent some time in viewing the collection. In the afternoon her Imperial Majesty visited the Duchess of Cambridge at her residence in the Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace; and afterwards went to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Prince Charles and Prince Eugen of Sweden and Norway have arrived at the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar-square, from the Queen of Sweden and Norway's marine villa, Crag Head, Bournemouth. They honoured the Scandinavian Club in the Strand with their presence on Saturday evening, March 17, when several members of the club were introduced to them. On Monday, March 19, they received at luncheon Count Piper and the members of the Legation and Consulate at their hotel. Lieutenant Count G. Torén, Chamberlain, is in attendance on their Royal Highnesses during their stay in this country. Prince Charles and Prince Eugen witnessed the performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," at the Savoy Theatre, on Tuesday evening.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Earl of Rosebery had a large and distinguished audience when he rose from his place on the front Opposition bench of the Lords on Monday, the Nineteenth of March, "To call attention to the constitution of this House, and to move that a Committee be appointed thereon." It curiously happened that at the opening of this very sitting the Ministerial bench and the Upper House had been strengthened by Lord John Manners taking his seat for the first time as the Duke of Rutland. The general sombreness of the Peers in mourning was relieved by the radiant vivacity of the Countess of Rosebery, who graced the gallery to the left of the throne, and listened to the debate with manifest interest. Lord Rosebery's eloquent speech was fruitful in suggestion, but contained no cohesive plan of reform, the gist of it being wrapped up in the following poetical appeal to the Government:—

Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle power of never-halting Time,
Lest the mere moment's putting off should make
Mischaunce almost as grave as crime.

The Earl of Wemyss from the cross-bench usually occupied by the Prince resonantly followed with an amendment to the effect that any Constitutional change of the kind should be initiated by the Ministry. Seeking to emulate the manner, and the accent, too, I should imagine, of "Mr. Barnes, of New York," Lord Dunraven preferred his own reforming agency: the measure he had prepared, and threatened in a few days to reveal to their Lordships. The Earl of Kimberley appealed to the Prime Minister to "deal with this most grave and important matter." But the Marquis of Salisbury, whilst avowing himself as ready as Lord Rosebery to agree to the exclusion of "black sheep" from the speckless flock if the noble Earl could show him how it could be done, and whilst favouring an increase of "life peerages" and adding that he would gladly consider any definite scheme for the improvement of the House, emphatically and firmly opposed "a proposal which means pledging the House in a vague and shadowy way to a large proposition which deals with the reform of one House of Parliament in a manner in which the subject has never been approached before at any period of our history." Earl Granville (happily recovered from his recent indisposition) entered an unusually animated plea for immediate action. But the issue was that Lord Rosebery's motion was negatived by a majority of 47—97 against 50 votes. The tone of the Premier, however, and the frank admission of Mr. W. H. Smith that the reform is necessary, lead one to expect that the Ministry may itself solve a question which is ripe for solution.

The Liberal Unionists rejoice at the return of Mr. Chamberlain; and Ministerialists accorded the right hon. gentleman a hearty welcome-home when he entered the House on the Fifteenth of March, the cheers utterly discomfiting Mr. Macdonald Cameron as he was putting a factious interrogation reflecting on the Birmingham colleagues of Mr. Chamberlain. The successful negotiator in the matter of the American and Canadian fishery disputes looked all the better for his voyage across the Atlantic. It is understood that he has modestly declined the honour proffered him by Lord Salisbury. Mr. Chamberlain's return was, the next day, signalled at Devonshire House by an assemblage of Liberal Unionists to discuss Mr. T. W. Russell's Arrears Bill, the scope of which the right hon. member for West Birmingham would extend by applying it to the debts generally of the small Irish holders. As an indication that the diplomatic services of Mr. Chamberlain are duly valued in Liberal circles, Earl Granville is to preside at the banquet to be given in his honour at the Devonshire Club on the Ninth of April.

Mr. C. T. Ritchie, the exceptionally able President of the Local Government Board, has long had the Local Government Bill on his mind. True, his tall figure is not yet bent beneath the weight of this voluminous measure; nor is the lustre of his raven hair and moustache dimmed. Mr. Ritchie was erect as ever when he temporarily took the place of the Leader of the House at the table on Monday, the Nineteenth of March, and placed the notes of his speech on the brass-bound box. But the pallor of his face, and the dark marks under his eyes, betrayed the fact that a considerable amount of midnight oil had been consumed in the completion of the elaborate Bill he lucidly explained to a crowded House in an address, which had but one fault—it was too long by half.

The main principle of Mr. Ritchie's Bill—the exposition of which occupied about two hours and twenty-five minutes—is to extend to the country and to the metropolis the municipal privileges which have long been enjoyed by such well-organised towns as Birmingham; delegating to the County Councils much of the local administration that has hitherto devolved upon Parliament. With regard to the metropolis, Mr. Ritchie proposes "to take London, as defined in the Metropolis Management Act, out of the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, and to make it a county by itself, with a Lord Lieutenant, a bench of Magistrates, and a County Council of its own." This London County Council is to be directly elected by the ratepayers, as in all other counties and boroughs under the measure; and the Metropolitan Board of Works is to cease to exist; but the Police will remain under the control of the Home Office. Coming to the vexed Licensing Question, Mr. Ritchie first aimed a good-natured shaft at Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and then summed up:—

We, therefore, propose that the county council shall divide its area into licensing divisions, and that it shall form in each division a licensing committee, to consist of the member elected to the council for that division, together with the added proportion of the selected members in the county. . . . We say to the trade, we recognise your claim to compensation, and you shall have it, but, in consideration of the fact that we are placing those who remain in a position of greater security, we shall give power to the county councils to increase the license duties by 20 per cent. The effect of that will be to raise an additional sum of £300,000 yearly, and we think that the proposal will meet with the approval of the trade itself.

Space failing, I cannot refer to the admirable financial and administrative details of the Bill introduced with commendable distinctness by Mr. Ritchie, who was rewarded by a general chorus of cheering when he had completed his difficult task. The speech richly merited the marked approval of Mr. Gladstone, who remarked, however, upon the exclusion of Scotland and Ireland from the measure. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (who had now and again quietly prompted Mr. Ritchie) promised to give further particulars of the relation of Imperial to local taxation in his Budget speech.

Mr. W. T. Marriott was on the Monday observed to be beaming next Sir Richard Webster on the Treasury bench whilst Mr. Ritchie was laying the measure of the Session before the House; and it was therefrom rightly construed that the Judge Advocate-General (who had gallily risen superior to the attack on him for advocating the cause of Ismail Pasha at Cairo) had not the slightest idea of resigning office, as had been reported. Colonel King-Harman, upon whom devolves the answering of many questions Mr. Balfour does not care to be "heckled" about, is another occupant of the Treasury bench who probably feels relieved—since the grant of his salary as Under-Secretary for Ireland has been secured. The Budget is the next absorbing thing. We are on the tiptoe of expectation as to Mr. Goschen's revelations for Monday, March 25.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Great preparations are now being made for the Easter pieces. They no longer take the character of fairy extravaganzas, as in the days of Planché, or merry burlesques, as in the Byronic era. We are more serious now-a-days, and look forward in the springtime—we beg pardon, the snowtime—to more solid fare. The most important Easter novelty, the gayest and brightest Easter egg, is to be at the Haymarket, where Mr. Beerbohm Tree promises the new version by Messrs. W. G. Wills and Sydney Grundy of the old German play, "Narcisse." It is called "The Pompadour." The literary work is said by good judges to be admirable, and the authors have considerably improved the only stage version England has seen—the one that was produced at the Lyceum on Monday, Feb. 17, 1868, when Herr Bandmann made his first appearance. The history of this play is very curious. The text of it was taken by Dr. Brach Vogel from the remarkable dialogue, "Rameau's Neffe," which was published by Goethe in 1805, and always appears in his collected works. But "Le Neveu de Rameau" was, in fact, the original work of Diderot, who wrote it in French in 1760. Goethe's version was subsequently translated into French by a M. De Saur, and for a long time this was considered Diderot's work, until the original of Diderot was unearthed in the Imperial library at St. Petersburg. "Narcisse" was always a stock play in Germany—as popular there as our "Lady of Lyons"; but Bandmann never succeeded in giving it any interest, for it fell very flat in London. How times are changed in twenty years! Bandmann is now in America, producing a second version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," contrary to the advice of his friends; and his charming wife—once Minnie Palmer—is soon to reappear in England as Lady Macbeth. The decorations and dresses of "The Pompadour" at the Haymarket are to be on a gorgeous scale, and it is anticipated that, with good luck, it will be the play of the season. Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Ashley all have prominent characters. The Haymarket announcements had scarcely been made when up jumps Mr. Wyndham from Berlin and St. Petersburg, where he had probably consulted Diderot's original manuscript of "Le Neveu de Rameau," saying that he always wanted to play "Narcisse." It was very natural, and no doubt his original intention was applauded by his friends in Germany. So it is not at all unlikely that we shall see two versions of "Narcisse" during the forthcoming season.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are determined to play Lovell's old-fashioned drama, "The Wife's Secret," at the St. James's, before they revive "The Ironmaster." The worst of it is, the plot of this play is familiar to every schoolgirl, and always forms the subject of early infantile authors who want to write novels. A good wife has got a brother who has involved himself in a political scrape, and her husband takes him for his wife's lover. Her mouth is closed, and this is the "wife's secret." But, no doubt, powerful acting will give a spark of life to the dry bones of this old legend.

There have been several interesting amateur performances of late that are so far beyond the average of such entertainments that they deserve some special mention. The employés of the great banking house of the Rothschilds in St. Swithin's-lane have formed an excellent dramatic club, and in Mr. Silverthorne they have an actor of strong comic talent. He appeared recently in Mr. David James's original character of the deaf Thames boatman in Byron's comedy "The Gyn'vor," and gave the greatest satisfaction to a highly critical audience. Mr. Silverthorne is a comedian of talent, and would hold his own very well on the regular stage.

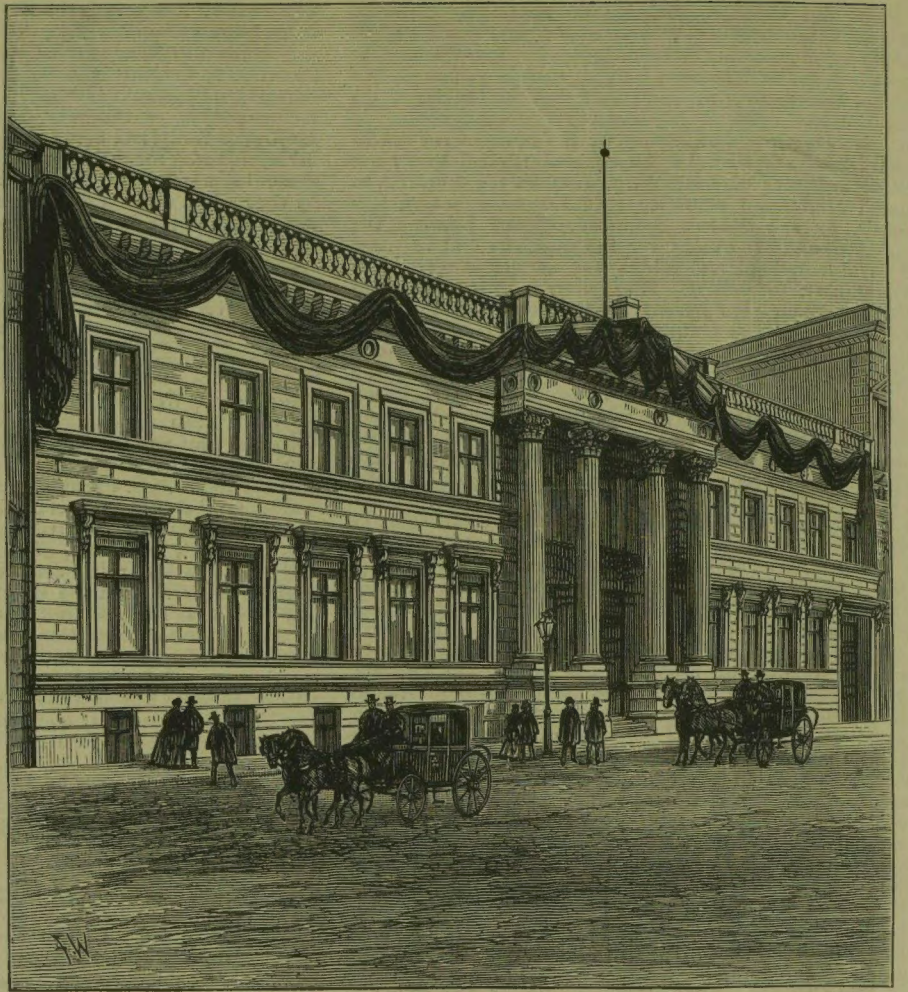
But the club that has done more good work as a whole than any other, and that has contributed more actors and actresses of distinction to the stage than its many friendly rivals, is the Philothespian Club, that celebrated its one hundredth performance at St. George's Hall on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Yorke Stephens, and others of note, were original Philothespians, and have done immense credit to the early training of that excellent institution. Mrs. Lennox Browne is well known in amateur circles as an enthusiastic and valuable member of the club, which is in a very flourishing condition as regards members. One of the most interesting performances of Tuesday was a selection from Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," in which Miss Houlston, a professional actress, and Miss Margaret Brandon, a very talented amateur, specially distinguished themselves. Miss Brandon has an admirable stage method, and, in addition to Nature's gifts of a sweet voice and a striking stage face, her elocution is remarkably pure and her power strongly marked. In the telling speech of Cynisca, that marks the most important dramatic moment of the play, Miss Brandon brought down the house, not by any mere theatrical trick, but as the climax of a most intelligent and well-studied performance. Other Philothespians who deserve special recognition are Mr. Frederic Upton, Mr. Gordon Taylor, Mr. Henry A. Stacke, who played a scene from "Richelieu" remarkably well, and Miss Hilda Abinger.

The company engaged to support M. Coquelin must have to work very hard. His programme is changed almost every night, and he seems determined industriously to prove how art can smother, if not conquer, the denied gifts of Nature. His most important revivals recently have been Tartuffe, a plausible and always clever, if not a wholly acceptable, performance, and the middle-aged husband in Emile Augier's old-fashioned drama, "Gabrielle." But, try hard as he does, M. Coquelin will never persuade us that he is a sentimental or romantic actor. We prefer his Mascarille to Mathis. He always makes us laugh, but never causes us to shed a tear over the most pathetic passage.

If it be true that Mrs. Hermann Vezin is the instructress of Miss Fortescue, who won so much favour as Julia, in "The Hunchback," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Tuesday, then every ambitious stage aspirant should seek the counsel of that experienced artist. Mrs. Vezin has done wonders with her pupil; and no one would believe it was the same Miss Fortescue who made her maiden essay—away from the Savoy Theatre—in "Dan'l Druce," at the Court Theatre. She has been thoroughly tutored in the principles of stage effect. She looks well—Nature has done that very kindly for her. But she listens well, moves well, speaks well, and rises occasionally, by graduated degrees, to the necessary point of power—things that can only come from good training and instruction. Power—true power—and pathos too, will happily, in time, be added to this excellent groundwork; and this much may be said, that since Adelaide Neilson died the stage has seen no better Julia, or, indeed, one nearly so interesting. The general performance was above the average merit. Mr. Willard was a most scholarly and excellent Master Walter, Mr. Conway a handsome Sir Thomas Clifford, and Mr. Norman Forbes a capital Modus. The Helen of Miss Webster was a little disappointing. It lacked refinement, for that quality need not be divorced from fun, and did not show the artistic quality of the young lady's acting. The worst of it was that the applause was loudest just where the performance was least praiseworthy. But this is often so. Miss Webster must not, however, be deceived by it, for your gallery cheer is often a false guide in the matter of art.



THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG, NEAR BERLIN.



THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT BERLIN.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The greater part of our Engravings this week are devoted to the subject which has chiefly engaged public interest all over Europe: the solemn ceremonial at Berlin, where, on Friday, March 16, the aged body of the late King William I. of Prussia, the founder of the new German Empire, who died on March 9, in the ninety-first year of his life, having reigned twenty-seven years as King and seventeen years as German

Emperor, was conveyed to the Royal Mausoleum of Charlottenburg, with military and courtly pomp, accompanied by foreign Kings and Princes and representatives of all nations, amidst the silent homage of the loyal Prussian people, and of those assembled from different parts of Germany, who have recognised in his career the final achievement of their national union. As an event of the greatest political significance, combined with the accession of his son, Frederick III., to the same Royal and Imperial dignity, it has seemed to us worthy of some efforts to represent its most interesting

features; and by the exertions of our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who immediately hastened to Berlin, and with the aid of several correspondents, we are enabled to place before our readers a series of Illustrations that will give an idea of the aspect of the Prussian capital on this memorable occasion. After midnight on the 11th, the deceased Emperor's body was removed from his Palace and was exposed to view at the Cathedral, lying in state four days to be gazed on by tens of thousands; there, on the day of the funeral, after the due religious service, it was placed on the gorgeous



THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S JOURNEY FROM SAN REMO TO BERLIN: MEETING WITH KING HUMBERT OF ITALY AT SAMPIER D'ARENA, GENOA.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM, AT BERLIN.



CONVEYING THE BODY FROM THE PALACE TO LIE IN STATE AT THE CATHEDRAL: PROCESSION CROSSING THE SCHLOSS BRIDGE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

hearse by officers of high rank in the army, and was borne in procession along the Unter den Linden avenue and through the Thiergarten Park to Charlottenburg, where it was reverently laid in the small mortuary chapel, between the tombs and sculptured recumbent figures of his parents, King Frederick William III. and Queen Louisa. The details of these grand proceedings are related more particularly in the newspaper reports; and it remains here only to notice a few scenes and incidents depicted in our Artist's Sketches which may admit of further commentary, and to record the tokens of general sympathy which were manifested in other countries, simultaneously with the funeral or shortly after its conclusion.

The body of the late Emperor is removed from the Royal Palace to the Domkirche or Cathedral in silence. The bearers of the coffin, twelve non-commissioned officers of the 1st Foot Guards, preceded by a company of their regiment with torches,

are passing the marble groups of statues on the Schlossbrücke, two of which represent a warlike goddess encouraging a young hero, first to draw his sword, and then to wield it in the fight; but, in the third group, an angel supports his dying body, while pointing upward to the sky. This bridge, over a branch of the river Spree, is close to the Schloss or Royal Palace, leading westward to the Unter den Linden; in front is the Lustgarten, with the Domkirche on the east side, and the Museum to the left. The Domkirche is seen, but indistinctly, beyond the trees of the garden; the night is dark, with a heavy shower of snow falling. Behind the coffin walk the Imperial Crown Prince William and his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, with several of the Ministers of State, Court officials, and Generals of the Army; and there is a rear-guard of soldiers with torches.

In the Cathedral, the interior of which was draped with black and decorated with palms and laurels, a low platform,

slightly ascending, was erected between the columns of the wide middle nave, and upon this rested the open coffin. The arrangement for the lying in state is thus described on the first day:—"The Emperor William lies in the field uniform of a General of his First Foot Guards, the head covered with a field-cap, illuminated by immense candelabra, which are hung with black. At the head of the coffin, on a cushion of gold brocade, lies the crown of Prussia. Close by are a golden ring, with eight golden bows, richly studded with diamonds, laid on a cap of purple velvet; and the insignia of the Empire, the Sceptre, the Apple, the Sword, and the Sigillum, are resting on other tabourets, at each side of the coffin. Beside these are the Old Seal of the Great Electors in a golden box; the chain of the High Order of the Black Eagle; the Elector's Hat; the solid gold helmet of the Hohenzollern Kings, surmounted by the black and white plumes of the Hohenzollerns; the golden spurs, and the Marshal's staff. Other

objects are the Ribbon of the Black Eagle and the Emperor's sword and all his Orders, which are laid on tabourets of gold brocade, covered with crape."

The religious service on the day of the funeral, conducted according to the custom of the Lutheran Protestant Church, consisted simply of readings from the Old and New Testaments, prayers, hymns, and a sermon by the Court Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Kögel. The hymns and passages of Scripture had been selected by the dying Emperor himself, in conference with his chaplain. In front of the congregation were the Imperial Crown Prince William, the King of Saxony, the King of the Belgians, and the King of Roumania, the Grand Duke of Baden, several German Princes, the Crown Prince of Austria, the Czarewitch of Russia, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and the Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy. The Empress Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain, was present, with the Queen of Roumania and many Princesses. After the service, the coffin was carried to its hearse at the door of the Cathedral. The portico, with its Doric columns, the steps, and the front of the Cathedral, were covered with black, gold, and silver or white curtains, forming a vast canopy adorned with eagles and palm-leaves; opposite was a gilt statue of the Saviour, with emblazoned sacred texts and mottoes.

The procession, escorted by eight cavalry regiments of the Guards and by regiments of infantry and some artillery, conducted the hearse across the bridge, along the Unter den Linden, across the Pariser-Platz, and under the Brandenburg Gate, into the Thiergarten, where, at the Sieges-Allee (the "Avenue of Victory"), it halted, and was quitted by the chief mourners and the Kings and Princes, who there entered carriages, and drove on to Charlottenburg. Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses, except the ladies, had walked so far behind the hearse; first, the Crown Prince; next, the King of Saxony, with the King of the Belgians at his right hand, and the King of Roumania at his left; the Austrian Crown Prince, with the Prince of Wales, and the other Princes, followed, walking three or four together. Behind them came representatives of the German Reichstag and of the Kingdom of Prussia, and of municipalities and public institutions. An immense multitude of spectators thronged the sides of the Unter den Linden, which is a very broad thoroughfare, planted with four rows of lime-trees, containing palaces and stately mansions, grand hotels and shops, opening into the great square of the Opera-House, University, and Library, and continued westward till it is crossed by the Wilhelmstrasse, where the chief Ministerial Departments and the Foreign Embassies have their official residence. All the public buildings were hung with mourning, and the Arsenal with old military flags; lamps or small fires were burning, on pillars wreathed with black and with pine-branches or laurel, along this part of the route; the Brandenburg Gate, and the open place before it, had imposing funeral decorations.

The Mausoleum in the park of the Royal Palace at Charlottenburg was built in 1810 by Gentz, to receive the body of Queen Louisa, the late Emperor's mother; and in 1843 Schinkel enlarged it, when King Frederick William III. joined his more famous consort. The completion and decoration of the interior was carried out according to the wishes of Frederick William IV., the brother and predecessor on the Prussian throne of the late Emperor; and his heart lies there in a marble capsule at the feet of his parents. From the beautiful gardens attached to the Palace, one turns into a long avenue of sad hemlock spruce; then, by a winding narrow path beyond, a small temple is reached: it is of polished brown marble, pure Doric in style, and half hidden among the trees. It is cruciform in shape, and the interior is still more impressive. It is entirely lined with white Carrara marble, carved and diapered, and bearing inscriptions from the German Bible. In a chamber lit from above by windows in the roof filled with blue glass lie under the pavement King Frederick William III. and his Queen. Up one step, and between pillars, is a little white transept, where, upon snowy marble couches, the sculptured forms repose. Rauch, the sculptor, worked on the "Louisa," in Carrara and Rome, over two years; and when, in 1815, his task was completed, his fame was assured. There is no look of death on her face; it is just the calm beauty of a sleeping goddess. Her lovely form is veiled, but not hidden, beneath a muslin robe. The sculptor, however, is better known for his colossal statue of Frederick the Great, which adorns the Unter den Linden. To this family mausoleum the Emperor William came every year on the day of his mother's death, and engaged in solemn communion; and here he wished to rest.

While this funeral took place at Berlin, the Emperor of Austria, with his Court, at Vienna, attended a Protestant service in memory of the late German Emperor; and the Emperor and Empress of Russia did the same at St. Petersburg. Services were held in the German churches of every European capital, and in Westminster Abbey. Military salutes of ninety-one guns were fired at the Tower of London, at Edinburgh Castle, at Dublin, at Plymouth and Dover, at Gibraltar and Malta, and in India, in honour of the deceased Sovereign.

Earl Sondes has informed his Kentish tenants that he has decided to make a permanent reduction of 15 per cent in the rentals of their farms. For several years past his Lordship has made a temporary abatement of 15 per cent.

Dr. McCabe, of the Irish Prisons Board, has been appointed Medical Commissioner of the Irish Local Government Board, in succession to the late Dr. Croker King; and Dr. George P. O'Farrell, Local Government Inspector, has succeeded Dr. McCabe as Medical Member of the Prisons Board, and Inspector of Reformatories and Industrial Schools in Ireland.

The annual general meeting of the Printers' Pension Corporation was held on Saturday, March 17, in the library of the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street. Mr. W. C. K. Clowes occupied the chair. The report stated that the subscriptions amounted to £2161, and the interest on funded property to £844, while the extraordinary income amounted to £3020, which included a legacy of £1500. This was paid by the executors under the will of Mrs. Holmes, widow of the late Mr. J. Holmes, formerly of the *Athenaeum*. The legacy, which was received free of duty, formed but a comparatively small portion of the beneficial interest to be derived by the Printers' Pension Corporation under Mrs. Holmes's will, as the institution stood in the position of residuary legatee, and the council had received intimation from the executors that securities to the value of about £7000 would, within a few days, be transferred to the corporation on account of the residue. The profit arising from the last festival, at which Mr. G. A. Sala presided, was £415. There are now 170 recipients of the Pension Fund. On the Almshouse Fund four vacancies had occurred during the year, which had been filled up in due course. With regard to the Orphan Fund, the only applicant remaining on the list had been elected. The Biggs's Charity had enabled them to expend in pensions to printers and widows the sum of £440. During the year two constant and generous contributors had been removed by death. These were Mr. G. E. Eyre, the Queen's printer, and Mr. Charles Newton. The sum of £2333 had been expended in pensions during the year.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
G B F (Dundee).—We must decide that the law is clearly in favour of your contention.
W H R P (London).—Your communication reached us too late for earlier insertion than this week's issue.
AMATEUR (Havannah).—We are much obliged for your news, which want of space compels us to hold over till next week.
R Houghton.—The British Chess Club. We know nothing of the other club you name.
A C W (Dover).—There is no mate, as you suggest, if Black play 1. P to K 6th.
E P (Brentwood).—You apparently overlook the fact that Black may move his King, instead of capturing the piece.
C D.—We always endeavour to acknowledge correct solutions. To what problem do you refer?
PROBLEMS AND GAMES received, with thanks, from Wyke Bayliss, J G Campbell, and R Houghton.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2288 received from Bernard Reynolds and J S. of No. 2291 from Simplex, T G (Ware), Bernard Reynolds, W H D (Woburn), E P (Brentwood), and J R M Anderson; of No. 2290 from Dane John, J R M Anderson, E P (Brentwood), and Robert.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2292 received from J R M Anderson, T G (Ware), Bernard Reynolds, Simplex, D McCoy, T Roberts, E P (Brentwood), Ben Nevis, A C Hunt, E Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, H Lucas, W Hillier, Howard A. L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Major Prichard, Shadforth, H R A, E E H, Sergeant J Sage, Hereford, W L Martin (Commander R.N.), R F N Banks, J De Sarts (Liege), W R Raille, R Worters (Canterbury), J Hepworth Shaw, G J Veale, R H Brooks, Thomas Channon, Peterhouse, E Loudon, Alpha, J Ryder, C D (Camberwell), and R Houghton.

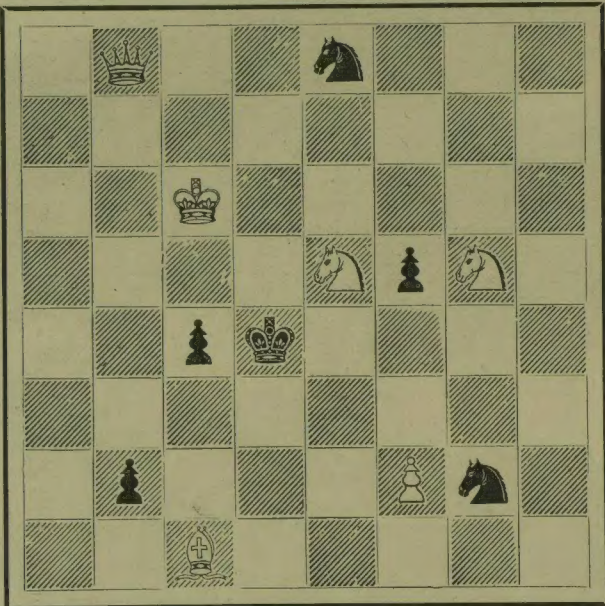
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2290.

WHITE.
1. K to Kt sq
2. Q to K 4th
3. Q mates.
BLACK.
K takes Kt
Any move
If Black play 1. K takes B P, White continues with 2. Q to R 7th ch; if K takes Q P, then 2. Q to K 7th ch; if 1. P to Kt 5th, then 2. Q to R 6th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2294.

By CLIFFORD F. BULL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Match between the ST. GEORGE'S and BRITISH CHESS CLUBS.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Rev. C. E. Ranken). (Mr. Campbell).
1. P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd
4. P to K 5th
5. Q Kt to K 2nd
6. P to Q B 3rd
7. P to K B 4th
BLACK (Rev. C. E. Ranken). (Mr. Campbell).
P to K 3rd
P to Q 4th
Kt to K B 3rd
Kt to Q 2nd
P to Q B 4th
Kt to B 3rd
P to B 5th

Taking the P would have given a little life to this dull opening, which already savours of a draw.

Quite useless; but there is nothing to be done. The game is drawn, and has been played by both combatants with a caution verging on timidity.

8. Kt to B 3rd
9. Kt to Kt 3rd
10. B to K 2nd
11. P to K R 4th
12. Kt to K Kt 5th
13. B P takes B
14. B to B 3rd
B to K 2nd
P to K Kt 3rd
P to K R 4th
P to Q Kt 4th
B takes Kt
Kt to K 2nd

14. Kt to Kt 3rd
15. Castles
16. Kt takes Kt
17. B to B 4th
18. P to Kt 3rd
19. Q to Q 2nd
20. P to Q Kt 4th
Kt to B 4th
K P takes Kt
B to K 3rd
Q R to B sq
Castles
Kt to R 5th
Kt to Kt 3rd
P to R 3rd
P takes P
Q to Q 2nd
R to R sq

Drawn game.

Much interest has been taken in the meeting of the St. George's with the City of London and British Chess Clubs, not only on account of the good play expected, but as a trial of strength between our leading associations. Unfortunately the evidence on this point can only be regarded as conclusive when the City and British Clubs play together—a match apparently as difficult to arrange as that between two great masters of the game. In the contests reported below it will be seen that St. George's suffered defeat at the hands of both its opponents. As its team was, with one exception, the same in each case, and the victory of the City men much more decisive, it would make the latter appear the best of the three—a presumption only to be removed by the hard facts of actual play. The following is the score in each match:—

CITY OF LONDON V. ST. GEORGE'S.				BRITISH CHESS CLUB V. ST. GEORGE'S.			
CITY.		ST. GEORGE'S.		BRITISH.		ST. GEORGE'S.	
Anger...	0	Minchin	1	Anger...	1	Minchin	1
Block...	0	Wayte	1	Donnesthorpe	1	Owen	0
Chappell	0	Lambert	1	Guest	0	Ballard	1
Fenton	1	Gover	0	Campbell	1	Ranken	1
Hepell	1	Ranken	0	Hirsch	1	Gover	0
Hooke	1	Ballard	0	Hoffer	0	Wayte	1
Jacobs	1	Owen	0	Hunter	1	Salter	1
Leonard	1	Pearse	0	Hughes	0	Warner	1
Loman	1	Lewis	0	Hughes	0	Warner	1
Lord	1	Skipworth	1	Locock	1	Puller	0
Mocatta	1	Salter	1	Lord	1	Skipworth	0
Pollock	1	Gattie	0	Reeves	1	Burroughs	0
Rynd	1	Puller	0	Rynd	0	Gattie	1
Tinsley	0	Warner	1	Trenchard	1	Pearse	0
Knight	1	Burroughs	0	Wainwright	0	Lambert	1
	10		5		7½		6½

A handicap tournament, open to all the world, was commenced at Simpson's Divan on March 22, and has attracted a large number of entries. Messrs. F. G. Lee and J. Henley have been appointed hon. sec. and treasurer, respectively; and it is proposed that three games a week, at a time-limit of twenty moves an hour, shall be completed by each player.

There was a special meeting of members of the Newspaper Press Fund at the Society of Arts on Saturday, March 17, presided over by Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., when some alterations to the by-laws were agreed to.

The council of the Civil Service Benevolent Fund have issued their second annual report. During the past year her Majesty the Queen has shown her sympathy with it by consenting to become the patron of the fund, and several names of Ministers and others holding high office under the Crown appear for the first time in the list of vice-patrons. The amount of subscriptions and the number of subscribers are nearly double what they were in the previous year. The total receipts amounted to £1022; with this sum the council have been enabled to give assistance to several pressing cases of relatives of deceased civil servants left in necessity, and have largely increased their investments for the purpose of meeting future calls.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Amongst the minor questions of social morals, that of the propriety and degree of outward signs of mourning for the dead is one of the most difficult. The obsequies of the late Emperor of Germany have been conducted with a pomp calculated to impress all imaginations; and those ceremonies have been reported in every newspaper in the civilised world, and are fully depicted in the pages of this Journal. The streets of Berlin lit at noon-day with funereal torches and fire-pans, the obelisks erected for the express purpose of bearing swathes of crape, the houses hung in black from roof to basement, the Royal ladies clad in crape from head to foot, their features concealed by veils of the same sombre fabric—a gathering from the ends of the earth of relatives and friends—a profusion of the most costly blooms, lavishly cast all around the narrow coffin where rest the insensible remains of the revered dead. Well, it was all stately and imposing and befitting enough. But if it is thus that an Emperor must be taken to the silent tomb, and if such ceremony, such outward token of dole, and such cost are right and needful in such a case, it must be right also that weeds and forms and expenses should be associated with the funerals of the humble, in proportion to the power of their friends to exhibit their grief and respect in such a manner. Our funeral reform associations, though supported by occasional speeches from Peers and Bishops, must be utterly without influence in comparison with the authority of a great "Object lesson" in favour of ceremonial obsequies, such as the Kaiser's funeral.

If it is thus that regret and honour are shown by the great for their dead, assuredly the poor widow will continue to spend the money sorely needed for bread on a hideous crape veil and extravagantly-perishable mourning habiliments; the maid-servant, whose brother, seldom seen in life, has died, will squander on a black bonnet and crape cloak-trimmings the money that should buy her warm winter clothing; and all the little children of a home will be swathed in black for the loss of a parent, impressing on their poor little hearts a sense of wretchedness from which those plastic and impressionable young souls may suffer all their lives. Such expenditure of scanty means on outward show of private feelings, such artificial intensifying and prolonging of grief, such tokens of unmitigated sorrow for the end of the sorrow and toil of the friend departed—surely it is all mistaken and wrong, and the funeral reform societies have reason on their side? But, then, on the other side, there is much to be said, or, at any rate, much to be felt. We have our special gowns for all possible occasions, symbolising every trifling daily change in our vocations: our morning-dress, walking-dress, tea-gowns, dinner-gowns, ball-gowns, wedding-dress, and Court costume; amidst all this outer expression of circumstance shall there be no costume for the occasions when life is shaken to its very foundation? no expression in attire of grief when there is so much expression of gladness? Doubtless, it is often conventional, this outward show of mourning; but somehow one's imagination revolts against commencing the abolition of even conventional signs of respect where the power to resent the lack of them has just been lost. At all events, if it is ever to be done, it must be begun in the highest quarters.

At the forthcoming Glasgow International Exhibition there is to be a special section devoted to "Women's Arts and Industries." This ought to be very interesting, though whether it will be so depends entirely on the thoroughness with which the scheme is carried out. Princess Christian is the president and Lady Rosebery the hon. secretary (or, as the Scotch call it, the Convenor) of the Committee for England and Wales. A preliminary exhibition of plain needlework has been held this week, in Lord Aberdeen's house in Grosvenor-square. The most interesting feature of it, to me, was the smocking done by the old women in the country districts. Of all the changes of the last half-century in the labourers and their habits, certainly the least commendable is the disuse of the smock as a work-a-day garment. This cleanly and pretty article of raiment has nearly gone out of use; the men go about their dirty work in thick and unwashable clothing, and necessarily carry all the odour and all the stain of the soil and the stable on their backs and into their cottages. The loose linen smock, gathered into form at the neck by the familiar stitch wherewith fashionable society now-a-days adorns costly garments, was at once cleanly and economical and pretty.

The smocks shown at this week's exhibition are most elaborate works of the needlewoman's art. Not only are the breasts caught together by the "smocking" stitch, but there are quite magnificent embroideries for collars, cuffs, and epaulettes, done in a coarse stitch, but so even and pretty as to deserve to be called artistic. The price put on this work is ridiculously low. An elaborately-ornamented smock, of the full size for a man, is priced at fifteen shillings. Some children's things are equally low-priced and equally well done. A charming little frock of white flannel, smocked with gold silk, and another in old pink, with terra-cotta work, were ideal garments for dainty young figures. The more elaborate smocking seemed all to be done by old women, who probably became adepts at it in the old days when all labourers wore smocks, and when the work was more in demand. One of the best bits of work was done by an old dame of eighty-three; and the committee have given high commendation to the work of Widow Taylor, of Babraham, Cambs., who is aged seventy-four; of Anne Taylor, of Bampton, Oxon, aged seventy-nine; and of Mrs. Stanger, of Barby, Rugby, aged seventy-four. The work of these aged women is much more elaborate in pattern and bold in effect, though done with coarse thread and a certain rudeness of design, than modern and costly "smocking." In fact, the true old English art of this class appears to be only possessed by a few elderly persons; but perhaps this exhibition may save it from becoming an extinct art, for it is certainly much more beautiful than many of the expensive embroideries now used, and if it were done on good material with silk thread could hardly fail to be much admired as trimming for dresses.

The sewing, stitching, &c., shown in the exhibition came mostly from elementary schools. Over six thousand girls competed for admission, and the best specimens were selected by the committee. In another room, there was an extremely interesting display of old needlework. Certain curtains, lent by Lord Brassey, were once in Marie Antoinette's boudoir. They are really monuments of the low ebb to which taste descended at that period; the needlework is very elaborate, but the colours are glaring and the design is dreadful—two fearsome cocks crowing below, Mercury worked in grey silk on white satin appearing beneath a canopy above, and angels at the top, completing the *mélange*. Queen Elizabeth's shoes, left by her Majesty during a Royal progress and handed down in one family to the present date, are noticeable for the extremely high heels and the long and pointed toes. It was a very small foot, evidently, that the mighty Monarch but vain woman displayed when she danced "most high and disposedly," before her courtiers and foreign Ambassadors, after she was sixty years old. The shoes are of white kid, embroidered with gold wire.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

Conventional custom overrides all consideration of climate. The vernal equinox is ushered in by a blizzard which would do honour to an old-fashioned Christmas; snow is lying deeper, over one-half of the country, than at any other season; yet we are bidden in the name of art to enjoy the "Spring" Exhibitions. Happily, the temperature of the galleries in which the pictures are displayed enables visitors to make their survey in comfort. The French Gallery (120, Pall-mall) is now at its thirty-fifth annual exhibition, and, except for the fact that its title is somewhat a misnomer, as Mr. Wallis collects the majority of his pictures in German studios, it still holds the place of honour among the minor exhibitions. Professor Aug. Holmberg is for the moment Mr. Wallis's *cheval de bataille*; and in the two works "Chess in the Sacristy" (48) and "Words of Comfort" (87) we get a very fair idea of this clever artist's power and shortcomings. Professor Holmberg stands quite in the front rank of that school of artists who fancy that by increasing the size of their canvas they give greater importance to *genre* painting. In both these pictures the delicacy with which the minutest details of furniture and drapery are rendered is balanced, more or less successfully, by the expression thrown into the faces of the actors. Professor Holmberg's *troupe* is a limited one. Ecclesiastics in black, white, red, or purple vestments suffice to convey every story he has to tell; and, although he is a past master in the art of rendering small emotions, he fails, as we see, in his "Words of Comfort" to touch a deeper sentiment. If Herr Holmberg is forbidden by patriotic reasons from taking counsel from French art, he can, at least, learn from his fellow-countryman, Herr Seiler, that a small canvas can often convey more interest than a large one. In the two little cabinet works of the latter, "Signing the Treaty of the Hague" (45) and the still more animated "Arrest of Voltaire at Antwerp" (39), we have the converse of Herr Holmberg's method; for in these, "historic *genre*" painting, as it is now the fashion to call it, is treated with a breadth and reality seldom surpassed in modern art. Herr Seiler's old style is well represented by the humorous treatment of a sudden scare in times of invasion, entitled "A Sad Catastrophe" (10), in which this German Meissonier displays more than his accustomed skill. The clever Wallachian (if that be his true description), M. P. Joanovitz, does not improve upon his earlier works, as shown by his hard, theatrical *décor*, "Montenegrins Returning from a Faction Feud" (17), when compared with the studies made for his earlier works, "The Fencing Lesson" (8) and "An Old Minstrel" (21). On the other hand, Professor K. Heffner altogether recovers his former position among Munich painters by his "Bavarian Homestead" (26), an early morning effect; and "Vernal Tints" (31), a reminiscence of his Italian journey. A new-comer to the exhibitions of this country is Professor N. Gysis, a Greek by birth and also by feeling, but giving evidence of his art-training having been conducted under the direction of Munich teachers. His "Troublesome Models" (64) is, in reality, a clever study of modern Greek life—and probably gives as true a representation of the habits of a well-to-do Greek family as may be met with in Western Europe. Other works of German schools, such as Herr Wopfinger's "Ave Maria" (94), Herr Schindler's "Forest Glade" (80), and W. Firls's "Spring and Winter" (37), cannot fail to attract attention to the progress of art in Central Europe. Nevertheless, and in spite of these interesting works, we are glad to find that Mr. Wallis does not altogether turn his back upon those representatives of French art whose works first brought his gallery into public favour. Décamp's "In the Cloisters" (34), Corot's "The Last Gleam" (2), Diaz's "Garden of the Harem" (52), and Jules Dupré's (53) and Théodore Rousseau's (40) recollections of their life at Barbizon, are pictures which recall a time when France occupied a far more dictatorial place in art than she does at present. Perhaps it is something more than accident which has placed side by side two such typical works as M. G. Langée's "La Veuve" (42) and Herr H. Philip's "Consulting the Score" (24), as illustrative of the aims of painting on the west and east of the Rhine.

Messrs. Tooth's Galleries (5 and 6, Haymarket), although gay with the brilliant colouring of modern Italian art, contain a more than average display of English works, especially of the younger men. Mr. Logsdail's "Side Canal" (29) is an instance of what he can achieve in the way of broad, strong painting, just as his "Going to School" (40) is evidence that in more finished work, and in the treatment of foliage, he has a vein which he has as yet scarcely displayed in public. Mr. Keeley Halswelle, on the other hand, in such pictures as "Streathley Reach" (49) and "Kilchurn Castle" (76) seems to be making only "crustacean progress"; and his prismatic efforts are not crowned with success. Mr. David Farquharson's "From Birnam Wood" (85) is a fine stretch of variegated landscape, rendered with more than usual skill and sentiment; and Mr. W. S. Norton's "Toil and Pleasure" (101)—a study of fishing-boats on the sands—although somewhat too imitative, shows not a little skill in its colouring. Mr. Peter Graham's "Passing Storm" (85) is a familiar subject, treated in a somewhat hackneyed fashion; and, like Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Winter on the Medway" (43) and "In the Pool" (74), suggests the narrow limits within which each artist allows his imagination to play. Of the works by foreign artists, the three-quarter length of a lady in a black dress, entitled "At the Bal Masqué" (84), by Herr Conrad Kiesel, is far away the most distinctive and powerful example; although we are quite ready to recognise the skillfulness of such works as M. L. Deutsch's Cairene sketches, "Outside a Café" (104) and "News from the Soudan" (63)—the former a group of seated and the latter of standing figures in picturesque attitudes and dresses. It may, indeed, be considered uncourteous not to give the first place among French artists to M. W. Bouguereau's "Shepherdess" (86), but, in spite of the wonderful brush-work of which it gives evidence, it is difficult to regard it as an attractive picture for a private collection. The shepherdess obtrudes herself so much upon the spectator that at any moment she might be expected to take her place in the family circle. M. Lhermitte's "Mid-day Meal" (70), among the corn-stocks and in the full blaze of a harvest sun, is much more in consonance with accepted notions; and M. V. Binet's "Estuary of the Seine" (83) is a very good instance of French landscape art of a school too little followed. Sr. Sorbi and M. Eugène De Blaas, are tempted to the verge of vulgarity, and, in spite of their cleverness and colouring, will with difficulty retain their hold upon English picture-buyers; but Mr. Seymour Lucas's "A good Billet" (22) is more delicate in both sentiment and touch than the majority of his earlier works. Meissonier's "Standard-Bearer," here exhibited, was painted in 1857, and passed into the Stewart Collection at New York for £3000. It was, if we mistake not, sold a few years back for £3800 at the Stewart sale. It is a single figure of a man-at-arms, in fifteenth-century costume, holding the colours of his regiment—painted with consummate skill, and altogether free from the least suggestion of "finickiness."

The Fine-Arts Society has now on view a small collection of water-colour drawings of Oxford by Mr. John Fulleylove, supplemented by a number of pencil drawings of that city by

the same artist. It is surprising that Oxford has not attracted more artists to study in detail its innumerable points of interest and beauty. In no city, perhaps, has the finger of decay touched more delicately the features over which it has passed; and it is, perhaps, only fair to add that in few cities has the work of restoration been carried out with a more reverent hand. In Oxford, new and old, therefore, Mr. Fulleylove can find an abundance of subjects for both his brush and pencil, and it was with unfeigned pleasure that we revisited, in his company, scenes once so familiar. It is, perhaps, a little invidious to make a selection of these sketches, of which the majority sustain that level of poetic reality which Mr. Fulleylove has thrown into his studies of Fontainebleau, Hampton Court, and other spots of high repute. Such reminiscences, however, as that we find here of "The Bodleian" (24), "The Garden Front of Worcester" (34), "The Radcliffe" (54), "Merton Street" (46), "Teddy" Hall (65), and many others, from Hinksey to Ilfley Mill, deserve to be recalled by ourselves, and to be preserved for future generations; for it is beyond doubt that much of "old" Oxford will have disappeared with this century. We cannot refrain from adding our regret that in Mr. Fulleylove's eyes "Archbishop Laud's Library at St. John's" should have such comparatively insignificant proportions. This and "Magdalen Tower" seem to us the buildings to which he fails to do adequate justice. It is only right to add that the pencil drawings have been made with a special view to reproduction. The Fine-Arts Society purposes to issue a volume containing a large number of them, with descriptive letterpress attached; and this volume will, we venture to say, recall to old *alumni* the Oxford of their day in a most pleasant form.

Mr. Herman Schmichen, whose numerous works are to be seen at the Queen's Hall, Harrington-road, is an artist who first attracted notice by his portraits of Madames Blavatzki, Molini, and other lights of the Theosophists. More recently he seems to have found subjects among the members of the Royal family and ladies of fashion. It is seldom that he indulges in landscape—the "Naiad's Pool" and "Ilfracombe Bay" being the only exceptions—and only occasionally in imaginative figure-painting. The young girl, "Bridesmaid," and the Rembrandtesque head of a "Fortune-teller," serve to mark with fair accuracy the limits of Mr. Schmichen's powers. His portrait of the late Emperor William of Germany, to which the place of honour is assigned, is the full-length figure of a man still in the prime of health and strength, and must have been painted some years ago. It is, however, more especially as a painter of ladies that Mr. Schmichen seems to find success; and, to judge from the numbers who have sat to him, his portraiture of them appears to merit their approval, and to meet with an amount of support which English artists fail to obtain from their countrywomen.

An exhibition which promises to be of more than ordinary interest will open on Thursday, March 29, at the Royal Water-Colour Society's Gallery, Pall-mall East. The exhibition, which will remain open until April 7 (Good Friday excepted), will be composed of works by A. J. Pinwell, Sam. Bough, and J. W. Inchbold. The proceeds will be given to the Artists' General Benevolent Fund.

Our Engraving of "The Last Photograph" of the old German Emperor is from a copyright photograph by the "Artistisch-Photographische Gesellschaft," of which F. Albert is director, at 76, Friedrichstrasse, Berlin.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Mr. Standish O'Grady, solicitor, formerly agent to the Countess of Kingston, to the position of Clerk of the Crown and Peace, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. William O'Keefe.

The maximum weight of parcels by Parcel Post for the Dominion of Canada has now been raised from 3 lb. to 4 lb. A list of the places in Canada at which, and at which alone, parcels are delivered may be seen at any post-office.

The Empress Eugénie has bought from Messrs. Metzler and Co., one of Mason and Hamlin's "Liszt" American Organs, for use in the chapel recently erected to the memory of the late Emperor and Prince Imperial, at Farnborough.

Mr. Henry Fitzgibbon, Vice-President of the Irish College of Surgeons, and brother of Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, has been appointed Medical Commissioner of the Irish Local Government Board, in the room of the late Dr. Croker King. The salary is £1250 per annum.

The twelfth annual assault-at-arms was given by the school of arms of the 20th Middlesex (Artists') Rifle Volunteers, in aid of the building fund of the new head-quarters, under the patronage of the Hon. Colonel Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Colonel Robert W. Edis, F.S.A., commanding, and the officers of the regiment, on Monday, March 19, at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, Regent-street.

The managers of the Brighton and South Coast Railway announce that the availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended, as usual, over the Easter holidays, and that this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Thursday, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a special day service, and also by the ordinary night service. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday, day trips, at greatly reduced excursion fares, will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace grand sacred concert on Good Friday, and the holiday entertainments on Easter Monday. On Easter Monday special cheap excursions will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Volunteer review at Eastbourne on Easter Monday, special trains will be run from London, Brighton, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, &c. On Easter Tuesday cheap day-trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

MARCH 24, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Three-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpenny-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpenny*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 20.

There is but one topic of talk from one end of France to the other—namely, Boulanger and Boulangism. On the ground of insubordination, and in reality on account of his complicity in recent political and plebiscitary *manœuvres*, the "brav' général" has been deprived of his command and placed *en disponibilité*, awaiting more severe measures which the Government seem determined to take. Meanwhile, the General has fallen into the hands of a committee formed by a section of the Radical party headed by ten deputies of no great weight, including MM. Laur and Laisant, and by Henri Rochefort. This committee of national protestation poses Boulanger as a victim before the country, demands the restitution of his command, and invites the electors to vote for him in all partial elections not only by way of protestation, but also with a view to making him Dictator of France. For the moment Boulanger is the best advertised man in Europe; an obscure soldier, without a single brilliant action, or even a single heroic mistake to his credit, he has been chosen, not to incarnate French patriotism, but to satisfy the French need of glorifying something, and of crying "Vive!" somebody. At certain moments Boulanger seemed to have all the trump cards in his hand, but he has since shown that he is utterly unable to take advantage of his chances. He has neither tact nor frankness, and we may safely predict that the present situation will not grow worse than it is, but that, on the contrary, Boulanger will soon become as unimportant and unimportant a personage as Major Labordère. Boulanger has given himself up to a group of Radicals who are irremediably compromising him by organising in his name a revolutionary and Caesarian campaign which is destined to end in a fiasco. The Republican organs in the provinces are opposed to this campaign; the Parliament is unanimously against it, with the exception of a few deputies who have no authority. The Parisian Revolutionaries and Socialists are violent in their opposition to Boulanger and Boulanger; the Extreme Left of the Chamber has even issued a declaration to the country protesting against the manifestation in favour of Boulanger. In the midst of this storm of reprobation and of unscrupulous drum-beating Boulanger says nothing, because he has nothing to say.

The sitting of the Chamber this afternoon was taken up by the interpellation of the Ministry by M. Paul De Cassagnac on the case of General Boulanger, to whom M. Tirard replied that the Cabinet had decided to summon a *conseil d'enquête* to give its opinion on the matter with a view to allowing the Minister of War to put the General on the retired list *ex officio*.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the Commune the usual banquets were held in the various districts of Paris and in the chief provincial towns. This year the banquets were interesting, because they showed the unanimity of the Socialist revolutionaries in crying "A bas Boulanger!" and "A bas la dictature!" It was the Socialist revolutionaries, it will be remembered, who, at the recent Presidential elections, organised a formidable and successful campaign against a stronger man than Boulanger—namely, Jules Ferry.

In connection with the decorations scandal General Caffarel has been sentenced to a fine of 3000f. (£120), while Madame Limouzin has been condemned to six months' imprisonment.

It is certainly time for the critics to take a new departure, and to preach the discouragement of artists rather than their encouragement; for truly the manufacture of pictures has assumed proportions that are simply formidable. This year, no less than 7640 pictures have been sent to the Salon Exhibition, being 263 more than last year. Out of this number the jury will select 2500 oil-paintings and 800 drawings and water-colours. What will become of the rest? What even will become of those that are accepted? These questions arise year after year with insoluble persistency. Nobody knows what becomes of the thousands and thousands of pictures that are produced in the great art-centres of the world, and nobody knows why men and women, who might make good grocers or passable housekeepers, are encouraged to "take up art," and pass their lives in the slough of mediocrity and disappointment.

The publisher Georges Decaux has just issued a volume which was seriously needed, not only by students of ancient art, but also by the enlightened public who visit museums with a desire to comprehend what they see. This book is a "Histoire de la Céramique Grecque," by O. Rayet and M. Collignon, being a clear and concise account, accompanied by engravings and plates, of the painted vases of ancient Greece. The authors have treated the subject of Greek ceramic art as a whole most lucidly, and with many novel details and considerations concerning ornamentation, origin, epochs, and centres of manufacture. The new "Histoire de la Céramique Grecque" has the advantage of being written in anything but a professorial and prolix manner, and one does not need to be a specialist in order to read it with pleasure and profit.

The novelties at the theatres this week are a comic and digestive operetta, "Le Puits qui Parle" at the Nouveautés, and "Le Bossu" at the Gaité. The former piece is accompanied by a harmless score by Edmond Audran, some morceaux of which will certainly become popular. The piece at the Gaité is Paul Féval's old novel converted into an operetta, with music by Grisart and splendid *mise-en-scène*. The French purveyors of librettos seem to be at their wits' ends for subjects; they are rapidly using up the great novels and the great dramas of the century, and the latest news is that Victorien Sardou is about to lay hands on Homer's "Odyssey," and to write an opera for Massenet on the incident of Circe.

M. Hippolyte Carnot, senator, member of the Institute, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, died on the 16th, at the age of eighty-seven, and was buried to-day at Père Lachaise cemetery. M. Carnot was the son of the great Carnot, "organiser of victory," and father of the actual President of the French Republic.

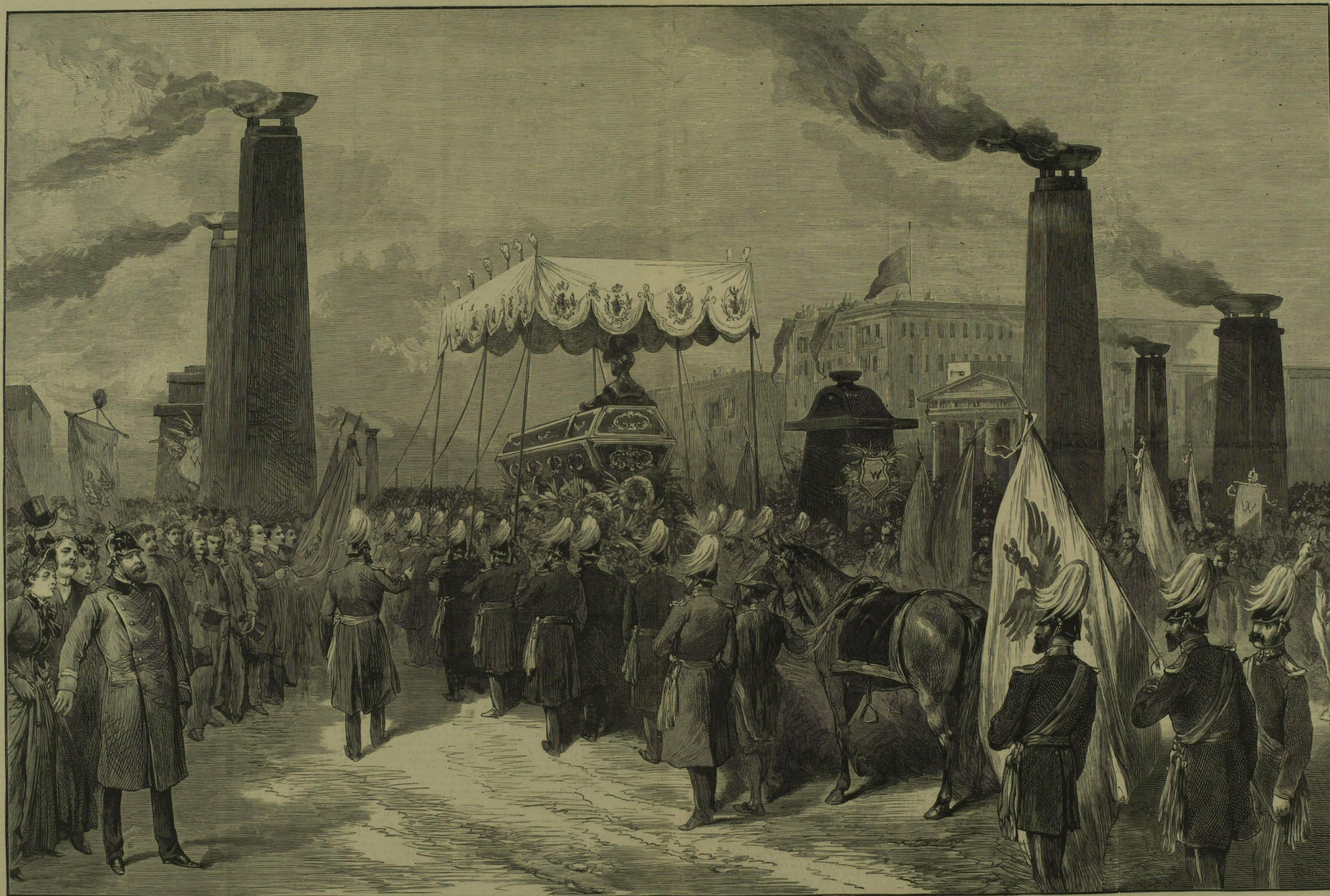
The necrology of the week also contains the name of Henri Blaze De Bury, who translated "Faust," wrote many volumes of musical criticism, and fervently believed in the mission of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, whose founder, Buloz, was his brother-in-law. M. Blaze De Bury married a Scotch lady, a Miss Stewart, who was also an assiduous contributor to the *Revue*.

T. C.

In the Italian Chamber on Saturday, March 17, Signor Crispi explained the foreign policy of the Government. Referring to Abyssinia, he said it would be folly to think of conquering it. Italy simply desired to regain her former positions and secure a good line of defence.

The First Chamber of the Netherlands States-General has ratified the treaty of Commerce with Spain by twenty-six against six votes. The Chamber has also unanimously passed the Bill authorising the Government to conclude with a Dutch syndicate a fifteen-years' contract, commencing in 1891, for a mail packet service to the Dutch East Indies.

The Russian Court will stay at St. Petersburg some time longer, owing to the illness of the Grand Duchess Xenia, the eldest daughter of the Emperor, who has been suffering from typhus fever.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR AT BERLIN: PROCESSION IN THE UNTER DEN LINDEN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

MUSIC.

The Philharmonic Society entered on its seventy-sixth season on Thursday evening, March 15, as briefly stated last week. The society was founded by a few of the principal London professors of the period, for the purpose of affording regular opportunities of hearing the best music efficiently rendered, as well as the performances of the greatest vocalists and instrumentalists of the time. Through this society some of the grandest compositions, and many of the greatest executants, have been first made known in England. The long list of incidents of the kind (too numerous for recapitulation here) forms an important chapter in the history of the art in this country, entitling the Philharmonic Society to the gratitude of all musicians, and to the continued support of the public. The concert now referred to included the appearance of Madame Schumann, who played Chopin's pianoforte concerto in F minor, with a finished mechanism and an admirable combination of grandeur and delicacy worthy of any period of her long career, and such, indeed, as could not be surpassed. The lady also accompanied some lieder of Robert Schumann which were charmingly sung by Miss L. Lehmann. A comparative novelty was the prelude forming part of the music composed by Professor Villiers Stanford for the representation of "Edipus Rex" at Cambridge last November. The impressive orchestral introduction had been augmented in its scoring, and consequently produced enhanced effect. Another feature of the concert now referred to was a suite of pieces for a small orchestra, arranged by M. Gevaert from Rameau's "Castor et Pollux," an opera produced at Paris in 1737. The quaint antique grace of the music (which comprises several movements in the old dance form) produced a special effect, having been judiciously placed at the beginning of the programme, before works in a more modern style. Schumann's symphony in D minor and Wagner's Overture to "Tannhäuser" were included in the concert, which was conducted by Mr. Cowen, with the exception of the Prelude to "Edipus," directed by the composer. The band—led by Mr. Carrodus—is of first-rate excellence, and worthy of comparison with that of any previous season. The second concert—announced for Thursday, March 22—was to include the appearance of the eminent Russian composer, Tchaikowsky, and the performance of some of his works conducted by himself.

The musical celebration of St. Patrick's Day at the Royal Albert Hall included the second appearance there of the young American lady known as "Nikita," who sang with great success, "Come back to Erin," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Batti, batti," and "I dreamt that I dwelt." Mr. Sims Reeves also contributed ballads with much effect, and Madame Patey and other eminent artists, besides Mr. W. Carter's excellent choir, were associated with the programme.—The concert given on the same occasion at St. James's Hall was also a great success, songs and ballads of a national character having been effectively rendered by Madame Antoinette Sterling, several other excellent lady vocalists, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and others.

The Monday Popular concert of March 19 included the first performance here of Brahms's pianoforte trio, Op. 101. This work is one of the latest important productions of its composer, and manifests, in each of its four movements, some of his best characteristics in the skilful and effective writing for the associated instruments, together with less of that diffuseness and over-elaboration which is his frequent tendency. A work, however, of such importance requires more than one rehearing for a thorough appreciation of its merits. It received every advantage in its fine performance by Madame Schumann, Madame Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti. The lady pianist played, with her usual effect, solo pieces by Robert Schumann; and Mdlle. Janson sang lieder with great expression—other features of the programme not calling for comment. At the previous Saturday afternoon concert, Mdlle. Janotha was the solo pianist. The last concert of the season will take place on Monday evening, March 26.

Recent concerts by the students of the Royal College of Music and the pupils of the Guildhall School of Music served to give fresh proofs of the efficiency of those institutions. In the former case the programme included Bach's double concerto in C minor (Misses E. Fedarb and K. Bray as soloists), and Brahms's violin concerto, the solo part rendered by Mr. J. Sutcliffe, who has frequently gained high commendation. The Guildhall School performances included a very pleasing cantata for female voices, "The Minstrel Prince," composed by Mr. J. L. Roeckel to words by Mrs. A. Roberts. On March 16, the Royal Academy of Music gave a students' concert, at which, among other features, some pleasing songs, by Miss A. Horrocks, and portions of a pianoforte trio, by Mr. R. Steggall, were specimens of progress in composition, and clever pianoforte playing by Misses E. Boyce, Taylor, and Scott; and the violin performance of Miss A. Tunks (an extremely youthful and very promising student) testified to the efficiency of the tuition in the executive department.

Last week's Saturday afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace (on March 17) offered no novelty calling for detailed comment. Mdlle. Kleeberg gave an excellent rendering of Mendelssohn's First Pianoforte Concerto; well-known orchestral pieces were effectively played by the band, and Mrs. Hutchinson was the vocalist.

The Sacred Harmonic Society and Novello's Oratorio Concerts will close their present season next week: the former with a performance of Mr. Cowen's "Ruth," on March 27; the latter with Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption," on the following evening.

Good Friday will be celebrated by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society's performance of Handel's "Messiah," and a concert at St. James's Hall consisting of a selection of sacred music. A sacred concert is also announced for the same occasion, at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Charles Wade has given the fourth and last of his series of Chamber concerts at Prince's Hall, with a strong programme of vocal and instrumental music; Mr. W. Nicholl's second Chamber concert at Steinway Hall having also taken place, as has the last of this season's Popular concerts at the Kensington Townhall; and the first of a series of three subscription concerts of the Hyde Park Academy of Music conducted by Mrs. Trickett (sister of the late Madame Sainton-Dolby), the Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society having announced a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Prodigal Son," for Friday, March 23. Miss Millington Sygne announces a pianoforte recital for this afternoon (March 24) at Portman Rooms, Baker-street, in aid of a lady in very distressed circumstances.

As already briefly stated, the newly-invented instrument, the clavi-harp, was exhibited on Tuesday afternoon, March 13, at Prince's Hall; a similar exhibition of its powers having recently been made at Eastbourne, and previously at Brussels. The instrument is the invention of M. Dietz, of Brussels, who has succeeded in accomplishing what has hitherto seemed impossible of satisfactory fulfilment. Keys like those of a pianoforte are applied to a harness similar in appearance to the

instrument in general use; and anyone capable of playing the pianoforte can perform on the clavi-harp, some necessary difference in the touch being easily acquired. The complex arrangement of pedals in the ordinary harp is greatly simplified by a reduction from seven to two in the new instrument, which has strings for all the half-tones. The command of modifications of power, a capacity for producing chords of ten notes instead of, as formerly, not more than four, and other advantages, are obtained by the clavi-harp, which will thus be rendered of greater importance in orchestral combinations as well as for solo performances, in public or private. The characteristics of the new instrument were admirably displayed at the London recital just alluded to by Mdlle. Eugénie Dratz, of Brussels, who performed several solo pieces with skilful execution and refined taste, besides having been associated in several concerted pieces. The clear, bright tone of the instrument, and the absolute freedom from any jarring or confusion of sound, were especially noticeable. The recital (which was given by invitation from Mr. W. H. Cummings) included the co-operation of Miss E. Woodford, Madame and Miss Suter, and Mr. Cummings as vocalists, and violin, pianoforte, harmonium, and horn performances by Mr. B. Carrodus, Mr. T. Mountain, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Keevil. The clavi-harp appears destined to achieve a wide success.

THE INTERNATIONAL SKATING-MATCH.

The late continuance of severe wintry weather may seem to render it less unseasonable to publish a few Sketches, hitherto deferred for want of space, illustrating the great skating-match at Amsterdam, so long since as Feb. 25 and 27, when the English competitors won high honours in an art for which the Dutch have always been renowned. In the international match for professional skaters there were seventeen competitors, including two of our countrymen, James Smart and George See. The course, which covered a distance of two English miles, was accomplished in 6 min. 56 1-5 sec. by James Smart, who won the first prize and the championship; the second prize being won by George See, well ahead of all the others. James Smart, who also, on Jan. 15, won a race by skating ten miles in 36 min. 39 sec., is brother of the celebrated "Fish" Smart, who carried off the challenge trophy last year, and who has done a measured mile in exactly three minutes. An English amateur, Mr. Tebbutt, has this year won the international championship at Rotterdam, doing the mile in 3 min. 57 sec.; but this was surpassed in 1884 by Axel Paulsen, a Norwegian. The Dutch amateur performers, Messrs. G. H. Jurgens and Schilling, held their own with credit on the late occasion, and they figure in our Illustrations, which show also the features of the appointed track.

Her Majesty has been pleased to become the patron of the Royal Historical Society.

The last of the special Wednesday evening services in the Temple Church was held on March 21, when the preacher was Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple.

Captain A. Allison, 5th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, has been appointed Colonial Secretary at Bermuda, and is to be seconded in his battalion while holding the appointment.

Miss Edith Martineau and Messrs. Walter Crane, Arthur Melville, and A. E. Emslie have been elected Associates of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The festival dinner of the Royal Blind Pension Society has been postponed to May 14. Lord Brassey, who will preside, will be supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the president of the society, the Duke of Grafton.

A fine-art exhibition, under the management of a committee of artists, will be opened in the Royal Aquarium on May 12. The exhibition will consist of works by artists who have gained prizes at the Paris Salon for paintings, sculpture, engraving, or architecture.

In the action brought at the Bristol Assizes by Miss Mason against two doctors and the Lady Superior of a convent, for removing her to a lunatic asylum, the jury returned a verdict for the defendants, and added that they believed the plaintiff was of unsound mind.

Very wintry weather prevailed on March 19 all over the country, snow falling heavily in the south-eastern districts. Dover and Canterbury, and the adjacent parts of Kent, were visited by a blinding snowstorm, impeding, and in some cases stopping, locomotion. The snow was in fine particles, which were blown into deep drifts by a fierce east wind.

Mr. Horace Smith has received an appointment as metropolitan Magistrate. He was called to the Bar in April, 1862, and went the Midland Circuit. In 1871 he was appointed a revising barrister, and in 1873 Counsel to the Mint for the counties of Derby, Notts, and Lincoln. He was secretary to the Royal Commission to inquire into corrupt practices at Oxford in 1880, and was appointed Recorder of Lincoln in 1881. In 1886 he was elected a Bencher of the Inner Temple.

For Easter, cheap tickets will be issued by the Great Eastern Railway Company, via the "Harwich route," enabling holiday-makers to visit the Belgian Ardennes, Holland, and the Rhine. Passengers leaving London and the North on Wednesday or Thursday can reach the Ardennes early the next afternoon and return on Monday, arriving in London and the North on Tuesday. The company have arranged, in conjunction with the General Steam Navigation Company, a special excursion to Hamburg at single fares for the return journey. Passengers will leave Liverpool-Street Station at eight p.m. on Thursday, March 29, and Parkeston Quay at ten p.m. by one of the General Steam Navigation Company's passenger-steamers, arriving in Hamburg on Saturday morning, and return from Hamburg on Sunday evening, being due in London on Tuesday morning. After Easter the company's boats will run from Harwich (Parkeston Quay) to Hamburg every Wednesday and Saturday.

St. Patrick's Day (on Saturday, March 17) was more generally observed this year by Irishmen in London than usual. Lord Macnaghten presided at the dinner of the supporters and friends of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, held at the First Avenue Hotel. Subscriptions in aid of the funds of the society were announced to the amount of about £650; including £105 from the Queen, £50 from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, ten guineas from the Vintners' Company and the Friendly Brothers of St. Patrick, and £10 from Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. John Dillon, M.P., presided at a St. Patrick's Day Banquet given at the Cannon-street Hotel, which was attended by several Home Rule members of Parliament and a large number of English and Scotch Home Rulers. In the evening the Marquis of Ripon visited Croydon for the purpose of opening a three-days' Irish Exhibition, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the technical teaching in connection with the Donegal Industrial Fund. The customary concerts were given at the Albert Hall and St. James's Hall, and there were special performances elsewhere. At St. James's Palace and the various military stations in London the bands played selections of Irish airs.

O B I T U A R Y.

LORD ANNALY.

The Right Hon. Luke White, second Baron Annaly, of Annaly and Rathcline, in the county of Longford, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, K.P., died, at Madeira, on March 17. His Lordship was born Sept. 26, 1829, the eldest son of Henry, first Lord Annaly (so created in 1863), by Ellen, his wife, daughter



of Mr. William S. Dempster, of Skibo Castle, in the county of Sutherland, and was educated at Eton. The deceased nobleman was a Lord of the Treasury from 1862 to 1866; was Lieutenant for Longford from 1873 to 1874; sat in Parliament for that county from 1861 to 1862 and for Kidderminster from 1862 to 1865; was Captain, 13th Light Dragoons; Colonel, 6th Battalion Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade; a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Dublin, and State Steward to Earl Spencer, K.G., when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His Lordship married, in 1853, Emily, daughter of Mr. James Stuart. His eldest son, Luke, now third Baron Annaly, was born in 1857, and married, in 1884, the Hon. Lilah Georgiana Augusta Agar-Ellis, only daughter of Henry, Viscount Clifden, and has issue. The deceased Lord has left, besides his successor, four other sons, and three daughters, the eldest married to Lord Inchiquin, and the second to Viscount Coke, eldest son of the Earl of Leicester.

SIR CHARLES PACKER.

Sir Charles Packer, formerly Chief Justice of the island of Barbados, died at his residence, Buttalls, in that island, on Feb. 21, aged seventy-two. He was the fourth and only surviving son of Mr. John C. Packer, also of Barbados, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A. 1839), called to the Bar in 1841, appointed Solicitor-General of Barbados 1847, and Escheator-General 1859, elected member of the General Assembly for St. Andrews 1846, Speaker of the House of Assembly 1861, member of the Legislative Council 1868 and of the Executive Council 1887; and was Chief Justice of Barbados from 1874 to 1886. The honour of Knighthood was conferred on him in 1879. Sir Charles married, in 1841, Amelia Rebecca, daughter of Mr. J. T. Ellis, of Barbados.

GENERAL VAN CORTLANDT.

General Henry Charles Van Cortlandt, C.B., died on March 15 at his residence, 10, Onslow-crescent, aged seventy-four. He entered the Sikh Military Service in 1832, and was at the Battle of Jamrood; commanded the Sikh troops which co-operated, in 1841, with the British in the Khyber Pass, and was present at the occupation of Lahore. He acted as Political Officer during the first Sutlej campaign, and was honourably mentioned for the part he took in the Battles of Ferozeshah and Sohraon. In 1848, he commanded, as General, the Sikh troops at the capture of Mooltan, and, in 1857, on the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, he raised the Huriana Field Force, with which he defeated the Mutineers at Khyra Kee, Mungalee, and Jamalpoor. For these services he received the thanks of Government and the decoration of C.B.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General William Morritt Barneby Walton, C.B., late of the Royal Artillery, on March 15, aged fifty-seven.

Captain John Douglas-Willan, of Twyford Abbey, Middlesex, late of the Bengal Army, on March 15, aged seventy-two.

Sir Robert Wisdom, one of the New South Wales delegates to the Colonial Conference in London.

Lady Caroline Turnor, widow of Mr. Christopher Turnor, M.P., of Stoke Rochford, in the county of Lincoln, and daughter of the ninth Earl of Winchelsea, on March 13, at Stoke Hall, near Grantham, in her seventy-second year.

Dr. Charles Edward Wilson, LL.D., her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Schools in Scotland, at his residence in Palmerston-place, Edinburgh, after a short illness, from congestion of the lungs.

The Rev. Horatio Nelson Nelson-Ward, for thirty-five years Rector of Radstock, near Bath, eldest son of the late Rev. Philip and Horatio Nelson-Ward, of Tenterden, Kent, on March 13, aged sixty-four.

The Right Rev. Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, on March 17, in his eighty-second year. Ordained in 1827, he held the incumbency of Holy Trinity Church, Ayr, for fifty-two years, from 1832 to 1884, and was appointed Bishop of the diocese in 1859.

Colonel John Ross Farquharson, of Invercauld, at his residence in Curzon-street, Mayfair, on March 16. He was formerly in the Scots Fusilier Guards, and served with that regiment in the Crimea from Nov. 18, 1853, until Aug. 7, 1855, including the siege of Sebastopol, where he was severely wounded. He was a personal friend of the Prince of Wales, who annually enjoyed several days' deer-stalking in Invercauld Forest.

Instructor-Sergeant Curran, of the Southwell Volunteers, has unexpectedly inherited a windfall of £30,000 by the death of an American relative.

Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co. are reissuing, a library edition of "Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare," in eight monthly volumes. The first volume, containing "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Cymbeline," "Othello," "Timon of Athens," and "King Lear," has been published.

Stage-coaches, as they were being driven off the road by railroads, attained well-nigh perfection as regarded speed and the excellence of their equipments, so razors have been greatly improved in proportion as the use of them is being lessened by the general wearing of beards and moustaches. Take, for example, the Kropp hollow-ground razor, which shaves so easily and retains its edge so long; why, to shave with it is a positive luxury, which those who go about "bearded like the pard" know nothing of.

Mr. Henry Rose, the author of "Summer Dreams," "Three Sheiks," &c., which were favourably noticed in this Journal, has produced another charming volume of poems, entitled "From West to East," published by Mr. Stott, 370, Oxford-street. Unlike the plan usually adopted in works of the kind, the smaller pieces are placed at the beginning. They deal with various matters, mostly, however, of a rustic kind, in various easy-flowing measures, imbued with lyric grace. The longer poems, five in number—treating of Life's mystery, dryads, fairies, and Oriental subjects—are told in heroic couplets and other rhymed measures, except the last piece, named "Hassan of Aleppo," which is written in flexible blank verse, and marked, as, indeed, are all the poems, with a vivid imagination, controlled by good taste.

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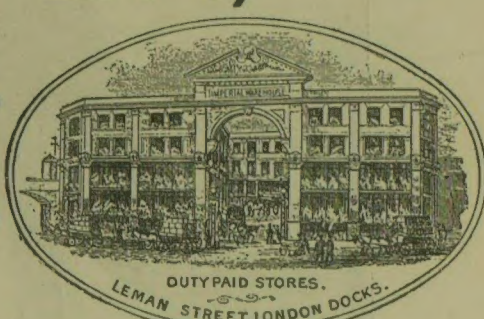
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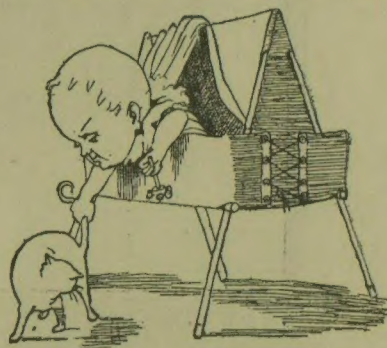
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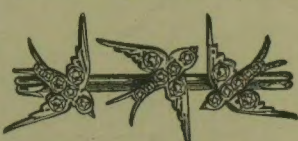
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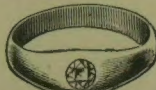
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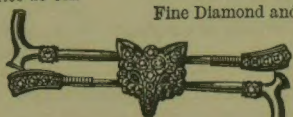
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1. Jurgens coming in with a rush.
5. Sign-board on old house on the course.

2. The old house on the skating-ground.
3. Victory and a pipe.
6. The Amateur Race—Tebbut v. Schilling.

4. G. H. Jurgens, of Amsterdam, International Amateur Champion.

7. Sketch of the track.



THE LATE DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G.

The death, on March 4, of the sixth Duke of Rutland, the Most Noble Charles John Cecil Manners, K.G., was recorded in our Obituary. His Grace was born in May, 1815, son of the fifth Duke, who died in 1857. He was M.P. for Stamford from 1837 to 1852, and for North Leicestershire from 1852 to 1857, as Marquis of Granby, but never held office except as Lord of the Bedchamber to the late Prince Consort. Having never married, he is succeeded by his brother, well known as Lord John Manners. This noble family is descended from Sir Robert Manners, Knight, of Northumberland, who, in the fifteenth century, married the heiress of Baron De Ros, and acquired the great Belvoir estates. In 1525 the thirteenth Lord De Ros was created Earl of Rutland, and the tenth Earl was created a Duke in 1703. A Marquis of Granby, the late Duke's great-grandfather, won considerable military renown in the French war; and the fourth Duke of Rutland was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1784. Our Portrait of the late Duke is from a photograph by Mr. Broadhead, of Leicester.

THE LATE COLONEL W. H. TAPP, KILLED AT SOUAKIM.
COMMANDING 3RD BATTALION OF EGYPTIAN ARMY.

This officer, who commanded the 3rd Battalion of the present Egyptian army, was unfortunately killed on March 3, at Souakim, in one of the recent conflicts with the Arab followers of Osman Digma, who have renewed their harassing attacks in that neighbourhood, on the coast of the Red Sea. Colonel Tapp was born in India, in 1853, son of a distinguished officer, the late Lieutenant-General Tapp, C.B. He was educated at Wellington College, where he was noted as an athlete; and his love of the military profession led him to engage in the service of Egypt. He served with credit in the Soudan, and gained the medal, with clasp and the Khedive Star, for his conduct in that campaign; he also took part in the operations of the Egyptian Field Force in 1885 and 1886, and was one of the most efficient English officers in that country. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Van der Weyde, of Regent-street.

A. W. Pickard-Cambridge, who is no more than fourteen years of age, has been placed first in Classics among the senior candidates at the recent Cambridge University Local Examination, and has, in consequence, been offered an exhibition at St. John's College, Cambridge.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR ASTLEY COOPER KEY, G.C.B.

Admiral Sir Astley Cooper Key, G.C.B., who died on March 3, at the age of sixty-six, was son of the late Mr. C. A. Key, surgeon to the Prince Consort. He entered the Navy in 1835, and soon distinguished himself by skilful and scientific seamanship; he also showed gallantry in several actions, in the Baltic during the Russian war, in the Indian Mutiny war, and in China, and was rapidly promoted. He was one of the Naval Commissioners of Inquiry, in 1858, on the National Defences, and held several important offices. He commanded, at first, the gunnery experiments and school on board H.M.S. Excellent at Portsmouth, and was afterwards Director-General of Naval Ordnance, Superintendent of the Portsmouth and Malta Dockyards, and President, for three years, of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. In 1876 he was appointed to command the North American and West Indian squadron. He was one of the Lords of the Admiralty under two Governments. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. T. Fall, of Baker-street.



MARRIAGE OF PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN AND MISS MUNCK AT BOURNEMOUTH.

THE ROYAL SWEDISH WEDDING AT BOURNEMOUTH.

On Thursday, March 15, the wedding of Prince Oscar Charles Augustus, second son of Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, and Miss Ebba Munck, only daughter of the late Colonel Munck, took place in St. Stephen's Church, Bournemouth. By the wish of the Queen of Sweden, the ceremony was conducted in the most private and quiet manner. It was preceded by the act of civil marriage performed at the registrar's office at Christchurch. In the church at Bournemouth, at half-past twelve, the Crown Princess of Denmark and the Duchess of Albany, cousins of Prince Oscar, were the first to arrive, attended by Countess Scheel and the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton, Ladies-in-Waiting, and Sir Robert H. Collins, Comptroller of the Duchess of Albany's Household. The Queen of Sweden came from Crag Head, accompanied by her sons, Prince Charles and Prince Eugen, and attended by two Ladies-in-Waiting, Mdle. Eketrä and Miss Mackworth. Her

Majesty and the Royal party occupied seats in front of the channel. Prince Oscar and Count Piper, the Swedish Minister, awaited the arrival of the bride, who, escorted by her cousin, Colonel Munck, entered shortly after, and at the chancel steps was joined by Prince Oscar. He wore the uniform of a captain in the Swedish navy. The bride was attired in ivory white satin, draped in front and trimmed on the train with fine point-lace, the front of the skirt edged with a border of white marabout. Her veil of tulle did not cover her face, but depended from a crown of myrtle intermixed with puffs of tulle. The service was performed by the Rev. Gustaf Beskôw, Court Chaplain, according to the rites of the Swedish National Church (Lutheran), which are of simple form; two psalms and a hymn, in Swedish, were sung by the choir. At the termination, Prince Oscar kissed his bride, and led her to his mother, who kissed her warmly on both cheeks. The Crown Princess of Denmark and the Duchess of Albany also saluted the bride. Among the congregation were the Marchioness of Abergavenny,

the Dowager Countess Cairns and Lady Kathleen Cairns, and many of the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood. As they left the church, the organist played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The Royal party drove to Crag Head, her Majesty's marine villa, where the wedding breakfast was provided; after which Prince and Princess Oscar went to Bournemouth, Isle of Wight.

The sale of the library of Packington Hall, the seat of the Earl of Aylesford, realised £10,500.

The Senatus of St. Andrew's University have appointed Mr. Andrew Lang as Gifford lecturer on Natural Religion. Mr. Lang is an alumnus and graduate of St. Andrew's.

BIRTH.

On Jan. 28, at Coquimbo, Chile, the wife of John Barnett, British Vice-Consul, Antofagasta, Chile, of a son.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON.
BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual. The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside, on Saturday, March 31, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 1, 2, 3, and 4.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey Passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes on March 29 and 31 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION, THURSDAY, MARCH 29.—Leaving London Bridge, 8.10 a.m. and 8 p.m.; and Victoria, 8 a.m. and 7.50 p.m.
Returning from Paris, 8.50 p.m., on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 11. Fares—First Class, 38s.; Second Class, 28s.

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

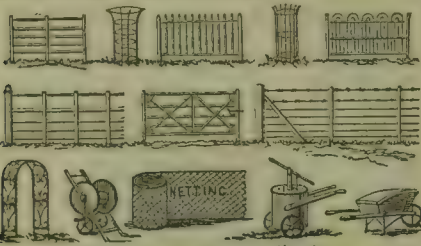
BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.
SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, MARCH 31 from Victoria, 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New-Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.
Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.15 p.m. Train. Fare, 5s.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 12.45 p.m., from London Bridge 2.40 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.
GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY.
From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton Worthing Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, and Hastings.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.
GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New-Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison-road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

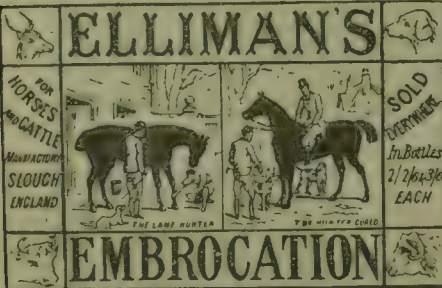
BRANCH BOOKING-OFFICES.—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking-offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—
* The Company's General West-End Booking-offices, 28, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.4.
* The Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square.
* Hays City Agency, 1, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.
* Cook's Tourist Office, Ludgate-circus and Euston-road.
* Gaze's Tourist Office, 142, Strand.
* Jakins' Office, "The Cap," Camden-road, and 96, Leadenhall-street.
Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.
* These Two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on March 24, 29, and 31.
For full particulars of times, fares, &c., see Handbills to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.
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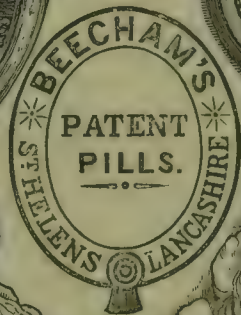
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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully a while,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crowned with roses, we contemn
Gygis' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here;
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow:
To the gods belongs to-morrow."

Here, in the coffee-room of the Shakespeare Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, on this May morning, one is reluctantly compelled to chide the nervous impatience of a certain young person, apparently caused by nothing more than Queen Tita's delay in coming down.

"What would you be at? Do you want to take Stratford at a rush?—do you think you are Ewen Cameron at Tel-el-Kebir? Do you want to join the ranks of the impenitent tourist? Why don't you go over to the sofa there, and sit down, and drum your toes on the carpet, and strum your fingers on the window-pane, and try to get rid of a little of that superfluous Transatlantic electricity? A pretty frame of mind for one who ought rather to be thinking about the secret of the Warwickshire Avon, and wondering whether you will ever discover it."

"Don't be hard on a fellow," she says good-naturedly, and she goes and sits down on the sofa, and clasps her hands in front of her. "Well, now, what is the secret of the Warwickshire Avon?"

"It is something that can't be explained to you—though you may find it out for yourself in time. Of course there are conditions. You would have to calm down your temperament a little. It isn't everyone who can hear the grass growing—just at once; you have to wait and listen, and wait and listen; and if there is any place for hearing the grass grow, it is in the Warwickshire meadows and along the Warwickshire streams. Then you've got to leave comparisons behind; and you've got to forget chromo-lithographs; and you have to prepare yourself for a little disappointment, even perhaps for a little dejection and vague melancholy; and then, by-and-by, you grow reconciled; and then, slowly and gradually, you begin to feel the charm there is in the old-world repose and gentleness and quiet of the landscape, and in the placid nature of the people, and in the silence of the monotonous but perfectly cheerful and even days. If you were to live in a Warwickshire village for six months, Miss Peggy, you would get to see what worlds of space and time lie between the innocent gaiety of Izaak Walton and the morbid self-consciousness of Thoreau. But where would you be at the end of the six months?"

"In the village, I suppose."

"In your grave, more likely. But you would have learnt something. The fact is, if Rasselas had been born in this Happy Valley, it isn't that he never would have left it—he never would have understood how anyone could want to leave it. In a minute or two, when we go out, I will show you long, straggling, old-fashioned thoroughfares in which nearly every second house is a small tavern—a tavern that does no trade. Generally the door is shut. If you went inside, you would find no one in the bar; but by-and-by a smiling and buxom little landlady might make her appearance, and if you asked for a glass of ale, she would cheerfully accede, and expect you to enter into a conversation with her about things in general. In the evening, of course, you might find a few friends of the house occupying the parlour, with long clay pipes, and pewter pots, and some slow and measured talk about the crops, the markets, and so forth—safe remarks, warranted to stir up no argument. But in the day-time these little inns never think of doing any business."

"How do the people live, then?"

"They live as their neighbours live—by not taking any trouble about it. They live as the grass grows. Why should they take any trouble? Why should they think of leaving the Happy Valley? They live as their fathers lived, and as their grandfathers and grandmothers lived, and they grow old contentedly in the same way. As long as there is a good fat side of bacon hanging from the kitchen rafter, why should they trouble about to-morrow, or next day, or next week? It is to-day they live in; and they are sufficiently happy in the present moment."

"But the bacon has to be paid for," says this practical young person.

"The bacon may have come from a farmer, most likely, who got a barrel of ale in exchange."

"Then the ale has to be paid for."

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The insatiable character of the American mind!

"I tell you that they don't trouble about such things. Come and see them. Talk to them. Judge for yourself if you ever met happier people—though they don't seem to do any trade."

"Oh, well, I don't care anything about them," she says impertinently. "There is only one tavern in Stratford that I care about—that is the one that Shakespeare used to frequent—where he played shovel-board with his friend the landlord—Julius Shawe, wasn't it? And I've seen it—at least the outside of it—I noticed the sign as we drove up to the hotel; I recognised it at once."

There is a pause of a second or two.

"What are you staring at?" she says.

"I am admiring your calmness. You can sit there and say things of that kind—and have no fear of the heavens falling on you!"

"What do you mean? It isn't possible that you never noticed the Falcon Tavern?—you've been in Stratford before."

"The Falcon Tavern! Why, every amateur magazinist

"But there was a house there, opposite New Place," one says to her (for it is a pity to rob her of all her illusions), "and a very interesting old house it is now; and if you are good, we'll take you to see it presently. And you may imagine, if you like, that some of the furniture may have come across from New Place, as alterations were made there from time to time; possibly the oak panelling, too, which is very good oak panelling indeed, though some monstrous wretch has gone and painted it all over at some time or other. Do you know that a countrywoman of yours offered to pay all the cost of having that panelling carefully scraped and restored to its original condition; and it is a great pity that the offer wasn't accepted."

Here Miss Peggy holds out both her hands, straight before her.

"Look!"

"Well?"

"Am I sufficiently calm now? Do you see how steady my fingers are?"

"They don't tremble much."

"And yet this is my first visit to Stratford-on-Avon—my first visit—and I am an American girl; oh, you don't understand!"

Perhaps one did understand, easily enough. However, at this moment Mrs. Threepenny-bit made her appearance, all bonneted and shawled and ready to set forth; Miss Peggy, with much alacrity, picked up her sunshade; and presently we had passed through the shadowed corridor and out from under the pillared portico into the white air of Stratford town.

And as we leisurely walked along this main thoroughfare, our young American friend spoke not one word to either of her companions; but from the curiously excited interest with which she regarded every object she could fix her eyes on, you might have sworn she had it in her imagination that this dawdling butcher's boy and that patient, plodding old woman, with the silvery hair and the Normandy-pippin cheeks, were somehow related to Shakespeare—the lineal descendants of his neighbours and associates; and that he himself had walked along this identical grey pavement. On this occasion we allowed her but a glimpse of New Place and a glance at the outside of the Falcon Inn; we wanted to give her some notion of the country around Stratford; so we took her along Scholar's Lane, making for the meadows that lie between the town and the hamlet of Shottery.

The day was just fitted for the placid Warwickshire landscape into which we wandered outside the suburban gardens. There had been some rain during the night, or perhaps early in the morning; but now the skies were fair, if not completely clear; long streaks of turquoise blue lay between the motionless, soft, fleecy, white clouds; and a dull, sultry sunlight lay over the moist green meadows, and the hawthorn hedges, and the great wide-branching elms, not a leaf of which was stirring. A death-like silence brooded over this wide extent of country, that rose at the horizon into a line of low-lying hill serrated with woods, but somewhere, far away, there was a tinkling of a bell—probably a school-bell; and around us there was a continuous twittering of birds busy after the rain. There was no other sign of life. And in this perfect stillness and solitariness one grew to fancy that, however Stratford town may have been altered in its old-world streets and houses, these meadows must have been in Shakespeare's time, and long before that, too, very much what they are now, with buttercups among the lush grass, in the sweet May-time, under the fleecy white skies. Miss Peggy was most anxious to be satisfied on that point. This was the very way, then, that Shakespeare would come if he were going over to Shottery? He

must have crossed this little brook? and seen those hills away down there in the south? It must have been as lonely then as it is now? and a place for meditation as one walked?

Presently she had strayed from the pathway a short distance, and was engaged in gathering buttercups and daisies. When she returned, with a considerable handful, she said—

"They say we Americans go through Europe chipping and cutting everywhere to take back souvenirs. But I don't think we do that now: we have got shamed out of it. Anyway, no one would grudge me these?"

"It is a very simple bouquet, Peggy," Mrs. Threepenny-bit says; "I think we could find you something better than that."

"Better than that?" she answers at once. "I don't know where, then. If you only knew the value that will be put upon them when I send them home. They will have to do for a good many people, too; but all I shall have to say will be—'Dear So-and-so, I send you two or three wild-flowers that I gathered this morning in Shakespeare's fields.' Do you think it will matter to them what kind of flowers they are? Ah, if you only knew! I suppose, now, you would think it awfully silly if a girl were to cry when she got these daisies sent to her in America—I mean, a girl who isn't likely ever to be in England herself—and who knows all about Stratford—



For an instant Rosalind stands there.

who sets about reconstructing Shakespeare's Stratford is sure to start away with the Falcon Tavern in the High-street, opposite New Place; whereas New Place isn't in the High-street and never was; and the house opposite wasn't a tavern at all in Shakespeare's time, nor for many a long year thereafter. But that's nothing. That is a common and vulgar error. You have gone far further and deeper and wilder than that."

"It's all very well to talk," she says, in an injured tone; and she takes up a little green volume; "but just you look at this woodcut. It is a drawing of New Place, and here is the Falcon Inn opposite, sign and all."

"Oh, pitch that wretched book out of the window! Do you want to be told that Judith Shakespeare married one Thomas Quincey, and also that she became Mrs. Hall and left one daughter who was afterwards Lady Barnard? Is that the kind of information you are pouring into your innocent young mind? As for that drawing, it is only part and parcel of Samuel Ireland's ridiculous inventions; but where did you get the rest of Ireland's nonsense—about the shovel-board and Julius Shawe the landlord and all that? Not in that book, bad as it is."

"So there was no Falcon Tavern in Shakespeare's time?" she says absently, and in rather a disappointed way.

but has never seen any actual thing belonging to it. You would think it silly, wouldn't you? For you English are so dreadfully stolid. You don't seem to care about anything. Your great men are all thrown away on you; you don't take the trouble to honour them; you are quite indifferent. I do believe you think more of the man who invented Harvey's sauce than of any poet who ever lived in your country. Why, I have hardly met anybody in England who has been to Stoke Poges; and I never heard of an American who came to see England who didn't go there. You, now," she says, addressing a perfectly inoffensive bystander, "have you ever been to Stoke Poges?"

"No."

"There, now!" she says triumphantly.

"But you may admire a man's work, and honour his memory, without making pilgrimages to his grave."

"It is because you won't take the trouble. Or, perhaps, it isn't consistent with English pride to show anything like gratitude? I suppose, instead of showing gratitude, you would rather sit down and pull all that he had done to bits, and declare that the mass of mankind were quite mistaken in thinking there was anything fine in it at all?"

"Ah, well, Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, getting hold of the girl's arm and taking her on with her, "isn't it a comfort that sometimes we have a stranger come among us to give us a good scolding?"

"Yes; but she might be a little more accurate," says one of us (who likes to be crushed no more than any other human being). "If it comes to that, Harvey's sauce wasn't invented by a man, but by a woman: sauce of any kind comes more natural to a woman. And as for those bits of weeds that you are sending to America as having been gathered in Shakespeare's fields—how do you know that these were the meadows that belonged to Shakespeare?"

She turns her head for a second.

"They belong to him now—and so does the whole place: I don't care what English landlord thinks he owns them," she says proudly; and of course that settles the question; there is no more to be said; it is quite right that an impertinent American school-girl should come over here to teach us the whole duty of man.

But you should have observed how she changed her tune as we drew near to Shottery. She had vaguely heard of doubts having been thrown on the tradition connecting Anne Hathaway's name with the well-known cottage; and she was anxious to be assured that all the thousands and thousands of people, many of them famous, others hardly so famous, who had made their pilgrimage to the spot had not been labouring under a delusion. It was quite certain, was it, that the name given in "William Shagspere's" marriage-bond was "Anne Hathway"? And it was known that there were Hathaways living in Shottery? And the belief that Anne Hathaway lived in this particular cottage went very far back, did it not? And so forth. Then she says—

"And is it possible that Shakespeare's widow married again after his death?"

"So you have heard about that, have you? Well, it was a countryman of yours, and a friend of mine, who threw that pretty little bomb-shell into the air; and then ran away to Australia before it burst. Is it possible? Everything is possible. But considering that she was an old woman of sixty when Shakespeare died, and that she herself died seven years afterwards, and that on her tombstone she is described as 'Anne, wife of Mr. William Shakespeare,' I don't think it very probable. Well, now, haven't you got any more questions? Don't you want to know whether it is reasonably likely that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays?"

"Well, now, is there anything in that theory?" she asks, with much innocence.

"Oh, I'm not going to give any opinion. I'm not going to prejudice your mind, if you have any notion of becoming a convert to the new religion. But I fancy that if the ghost of Ben Jonson could hear it suggested that his old chum and boon companion was nothing but a rank impostor—if Ben Jonson could hear of that suggestion—and also be permitted the use of pen, ink, and paper between now and dinner-time—I imagine there would come a message from the other world that would considerably startle some folk."

And there was no more impertinence, there was rather a humble submission, and a tremulous eagerness of interest, shown by Miss Peggy, as we went down and through the scattered little hamlet that was almost smothered amid the luxuriant leafage of the Spring. Very picturesque indeed were the small cottages on this fresh May morning; the orchards were gay with apple-blossom, and the gardens with lilacs both purple and white; while the warm air around us was fragrant with sweetbrier, and also at times with the soft-smelling hawthorn. This was our first meeting with the hawthorn; not a bit of may had we seen all the way along; no doubt the shelter of the little hollow and the moist warm winds combined had brought the blossom out somewhat before its usual time.

The old dame at the cottage made a great pet of Miss Peggy; and when she discovered that the tall young stranger hailed from across the Atlantic she pointed out in the visitors' book the signatures of one or two distinguished Americans whom she thought the young lady might know. And when we were coming away, she declared that the little posy Miss Peggy was carrying would never do at all. Oh, no; she must take away with her—if she was going back to America—something a little better than that: wouldn't she wait for a moment until she could have a few flowers gathered for her from the garden? And very soon the good old dame had culled a very pretty little nosegay of common cottage-flowers—columbine, forget-me-not, wall-flower, and the like; and she gave them to Miss Peggy with a favouring smile. Only cottage-flowers they were; but we who were standing by had a kind of notion that the young American lady would not have exchanged that little bouquet for all the hothouse flowers in Covent-garden multiplied a dozen times over.

Then we wandered on through the straggling small hamlet half hidden amongst its gardens and orchards, and eventually made our way out on to the Alcester road, and so back to Stratford town. We were just entering the High-street when whom should we espy in the distance but our faithful Captain Columbus, serenely sauntering along the pavement and looking at the shop-windows. And naturally we congratulated ourselves on having a skipper so prompt and alert, and were glad to think that now, at any moment we chose, we could resume our voyage, having the Nameless Barge close by, awaiting us in some convenient creek.

"Good morning, Captain! You haven't been long in getting her through. Whereabouts in Stratford is the canal-basin?"

"Beg pardon, Sir, but she isn't in Stratford yet," says he, rather solemnly; and in an instant the dreadful fear flashes upon us that our noble vessel had been run into in mid-Atlantic—in mid-canal, that is—and irrecoverably sunk.

"Where is she, then?"

"Well, Sir, as near as I could judge, about three miles from Claverdon: that was the first station on the line I came to, across country. Very sorry, Sir, but she's stuck fast there: there's a bridge I can't get her through anyhow."



Miss Peggy was engaged in gathering buttercups and daisies.

"There!—the moment Mr. Duncombe leaves us we get into trouble!" exclaims Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with an audacity which even she has rarely equalled; for who was so willing that Jack Duncombe should go, in order that she might provide a place for her lamp-post of a Highlander?

"There's only the one way, Sir," continues our indomitable Columbus. "The canal people say they will draw off the water so as we can get the boat through; but they want to be paid for that."

Aha!—so there was a solution, after all? And how could we do better than take a lesson from the great and wise of our own land? Nowadays, when an English Minister is confronted by a difficulty—foreign or domestic—his first and immediate thought is, "Very well, then; what size of a cheque is necessary to settle this job?" That is modern English statesmanship; and sometimes he pays away money so freely that the people who get it are at their wits' end to know what to do with it. And why should we not, in our small and humble way, profit by such an example? We were in a difficulty; we were asked to pay; and what was the use of arguing or fighting?

"How much will they take, Captain?"

"A matter of a few shillings, Sir, I should think, would get it done."

"Go you away back to Claverdon, then, and pay what they ask, and bring that boat along as fast as ever you can. For the rain has taken it into its head to stop; and we want to get some part of the voyage done in decent weather."

"Very well, Sir," said our captain, and we left him to make his way onward to the station.

The moment we entered our little sitting-room at the hotel, Queen Tita cast a hasty glance towards the mantelpiece; there was nothing there for her.

"Isn't it strange Colonel Cameron hasn't telegraphed?" she said. "He must have had both my telegram and letter by now."

"Oh, well, I am not sorry," Miss Peggy made answer, ingenuously. "Wouldn't it be delicious to be away entirely by ourselves—in the woods—in the Forest of Arden?—and we start to-morrow, don't we, if Captain Columbus can bring the boat along? In any case, couldn't we go to Claverdon, and walk across? I do hope you won't wait for anybody. I think it would be splendid to be entirely by ourselves."

"Why, Peggy," says her hostess, as she draws a chair in to the table, where luncheon is already laid, "didn't you feel how lop-sided we were this morning? We want a fourth to complete the party. And what would you do if you hadn't somebody to practise on?"

"Now, now, now," Miss Peggy interposes. "You have lost the right to say anything of the kind about me. If you were honest, you would confess that I have behaved most beautifully all the way along. Now confess. Confess that I've cheated you. I know what you expected—oh, yes; I know quite well. And perhaps I have even disappointed you, in giving you no chance of scolding; but, anyway, confess you have been quite mistaken."

"Oh, but I am not so sure about that," Mrs. Threepenny-bit says coolly, as she puts aside her gloves and sits down.

"I am not at all so sure about that. Young women are remarkably clever in concealing what is going on. And we have had no explanation yet of Mr. Duncombe's going away. It is very strange that he should have nothing to put forward in the way of excuse—very strange indeed."

"And do you think I had anything to do with it?" the girl demands—with inscrutable eyes.

"I don't know. The whole affair is very mysterious. Before I could give you a certificate for good conduct, I should want to understand why he went away so suddenly."

"If I had anything to do with it, why should he want to come back?" says Miss Peggy, with her eyes still downcast.

"I don't know that either; but I have often seen young people make those sudden resolutions—when they were annoyed with each other—or perhaps hoping for some change of manner—trusting to the effect of absence—and regret perhaps."

"I hope Mr. Duncombe and I parted very good friends," said the young lady, with suspicious calmness: was she making a fool of a woman twice her age—and her hostess as well?

"I will admit this," the other continued, "that perhaps you had not sufficient time to settle him thoroughly. You were very much engaged—with English history and other things. Of course you did not know he was going. No doubt you thought you could take him up and settle him effectually when you had a little more leisure."

"I wish I had a big brother," says Miss Peggy, pensively; "he wouldn't allow people to say such things of me."

"Oh, yes, a pretty innocent you are!" the other retorts.

"Now sit down at once and have some luncheon; for you have a long and busy afternoon before you."

A long and busy afternoon indeed it was; for we had to take her first of all to the house in Henley-street, in which Shakespeare was born, and introduce her to the Misses Chattaway; then we showed her over New Place; also she was allowed to inspect the rooms of the Falcon Inn; from thence we guided her steps to Stratford Church, and she passed along the noble avenue of limes, and entered the hushed building, and sought out Shakespeare's grave; finally, ere the dusk should draw over the afternoon, we led her down by the mill, and across the bridge that spans the smooth-flowing Avon, and through the wide and flower-starred meadows that lie between the town and the hanging woods of the Weir Brake.

Now, just above those steep banks there is a corner from which a very pleasant view of Stratford and its neighbourhood may be obtained; and when these two women had climbed up through the bushes to this open space they seemed in no great hurry to leave it. A more peaceful pastoral scene one could hardly wish for. Moreover, there was now a touch of faint salmon-colour among the heavy purple clouds above our heads, and there were masses of vivid and burning gold in the western skies; so that a warmer and mellower light fell over the green foliage enfolding the town. Stratford ceased to be a show place. You could not see the Memorial Theatre. Down below us were the yellow waters of the Avon, flowing by pollard willows and grassy banks; then came the bridge and the mill; then the umbrageous elms, from which rose the distant spire of the church. There was nothing striking about this stretch

of landscape; but it was peaceful; the quietude around us was gracious; the golden evening drew on apace, with hardly a sound audible anywhere. Whether Miss Peggy was trying to get at the secret of Warwickshire scenery, one could not say; but she and her friend remained there for long and long; and scarce a word was spoken between them. Nay, they lingered among the bushes on their way down (there were golden shafts of fire shooting through between the black branches) under pretence of seeking for wild hyacinths; and when, later on, in the grey twilight, they passed through the darkening meadows—like two ghosts they were as they went—they had with them some cuckoo-flowers, and speedwells, and the like. These things were for friends far away.

And again when we got back to the hotel there was neither telegram nor message of any kind awaiting us; and again Miss Peggy expressed the hope that when we once more left the haunts of men and disappeared into the Forest of Arden—or rather into the neighbourhood that used to bear the name—we should be all by ourselves. But a little later on, as we sat at dinner, a brown envelope was brought in, which Queen Tita quickly seized and broke open.

"Yes, yes," she said directly, and with much evident satisfaction, "he is coming—he expects to be with us to-morrow morning—now, Peggy, we have got a companion for you who will interest you."

Miss Peggy did not seem to look at the matter in that light. "Farewell our sylvan joys and sports!" she said, with plaintive sadness. "I had looked forward to all kinds of revels when we got into the forest—dances of fauns and satyrs by moonlight—everything that you would naturally expect in such a haunted place. I thought we might try a scene or two from 'As You Like It' some night—some misty night perhaps, when you could imagine things. But if there is to be a spectator—then it's all over."

"Why, you are like Mr. Duncombe," her hostess says. "You want to produce a play without having any critics looking on. I think you would find Colonel Cameron a very indulgent critic. What has set you against his coming, Peggy?"

"Oh! I don't know—I'm afraid of him."

"Why should you be afraid of him?"

"I can hardly tell you—except that there is something very shivery about that passage in 'Childe Harold'—you remember?"

"I should think I do remember—

And wild and high the Cameron's Gathering rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years.
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And you know what Walter Scott wrote, Peggy?" she continues, rather proudly—

"Where through battle, rout, and reel,
Through storms of shot and hedge of steel,
Led he, the grandson of Lochiel,
The valiant Fassiern."

Through steel and shot he leads no more,
But, Sunard rough, and wild Ardour,
And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Ben Nevis hear with awe,
How at the bloody Quatre Bras
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurrah
Of victory as he fell!"

"Well, that's just it," the girl said; "I'm afraid."

"Afraid of Ewen Cameron?" was all that Mrs. Three-penny-bit answered; but there was a smile on her lips which seemed to say that she did not consider Sir Ewen Cameron to be in private life a very truculent person.

Now, whether it was that Miss Peggy was determined to have one merry evening before the coming of this overawing Colonel, or whether it was that Nature demanded a little relaxation after the high-strung excitement of the day, true it is and of verity that on this occasion—after the dinner-things had been removed—she broke out into a pure madness of audacious mirth and mischief. She had only an audience of one; the third member of the party was supposed to be absorbed in nicotine and the reading of local journals (which are often quite as interesting as those which deal with large imperial matters). But he could hear something of what was going on. Miss Peggy had got the whole of the sofa to herself. She was seated at the extreme end of it. She had the banjo on her knee. She was addressing an imaginary person at the other end of the sofa; and her imitation of the speech of a negro-minstrel was so admirable that one suspected this was not the first time she had practised it.

"Well, now, Mr. Bones," she was saying, in tones of lofty patronage, "I will ask you a question. Can you tell me when a door is not a door?"

Likewise, she answers for the imaginary minstrel—

"Can I tell you when a door is not a door?"

"Yes, Sir; can you tell me when a door is not a door? You are a clever man, Mr. Bones: you can answer my question, I presume."

"When is a door not a door?"

"Yes, Sir; that is the question I ask you. But if you do not know, then I will tell you. A door is not a door, Mr. Bones, when it is a negress."

She rises, advances a step, and gravely announces to her imaginary audience the name of the next song—"Driven from Home"; then, with a courteous bow, she returns to her seat and takes up her banjo. She does not sing very loudly (for fear of disturbing the newspaper-reader), but one can hear the simple and touching pathos she puts into the words:—

"Out in the cold world, out in the street,
Asking a penny of each one I meet;
Shoeless I wander about through the day,
Wearing my young life in sorrow away."



The good old dame had culled a very pretty little nosegay.

No one to help me, no one to bless,
No one to pity me, none to caress,
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
A child of misfortune, I'm driven from home."

Then she glances along the sofa, as if inviting a chorus, which she herself leads, but now singing alto—

"No one to help me, no one to bless,
No one to pity me, none to caress;
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
Nursed by my poverty, driven from home."

She puts the banjo on her knee, and resumes her cheerful conversation with Mr. Bones; and really, if one forbore to peep round the corner of this newspaper, so perfect is the imitation that one might easily imagine her to be in evening dress, with a large diamond in her shirt-front, her face blackened, her lips red, her eyes rolling in doll-like fashion as she speaks, or pitifully upraised to heaven as she sings. But presently one hears the announcement, "Ladies and gentlemen, there will now be an interval of ten minutes"; and therewith, taking up her banjo, she steals out of the room.

"Have you been listening?" says Queen Tita.

"Now and again."

"Do you know that is an extraordinarily clever creature! Who would have suspected that she could do a thing like that, and do it so well? I wonder how much more cleverness she has concealed about her; and how much more madness is necessary to bring it out. For it's only when she goes daft that she reveals herself. And what is she up to now?"

No guessing was needful; there was a footstep without in the passage; one swiftly and discreetly returned to the small-beer chronicles of Warwickshire; and the door opened.

Yes, the door opened. And what was this apparition—this phantom from the Forest of Arden—this tall, swash-buckler youth, with doublet, hose, and beef-eater cap, and with a voluminous cloak of russet homespun thrown lightly around him? For an instant Rosalind stands there, with heightened colour, and laughing lips, and hesitating mien: then she enters and shuts the door, and makes her way across the room to her friend, whose head she affectionately encircles with her arm.

"From henceforth," she says (but almost in a whisper, so as not to attract attention), "I will be merry, coz, and devise sports. Let me see: what think you of falling in love?"

"You can't do it, Peggy; it isn't in your nature."

[N.B.—This speech is not to be found in any well-known edition of "As You Like It"; and its authenticity is open to grave doubt.]

"Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too."

"Peggy, you will be taught a lesson some day, take my word for it!"

[This, also, is clearly a corruption of the text.]

But here Rosalind suddenly alters her manner, and takes her friend's head in both her hands for a moment, and strokes her a little.

"But, come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and, ask me what you will, I will grant it."

"You can sing me a song, Peggy, and leave my hair alone."

Then one hears a fairly expressive voice sing very quietly—

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall we see
No enemy."

But that snatch of song was never finished. There was a tapping at the door. With a smothered shriek, Miss Peggy flew to the window, and hid herself behind the curtains, pretending to be looking down into the street: hardly anything could be seen of the russet-draped Ganymede behind those white folds.

"Shall I bring you some tea, Ma'am?"

"No, thank you, Minnie."

"Or for the young lady, Ma'am?"

The young lady hiding behind the curtain dares not to turn her head.

"No; I don't think you need trouble," answers Mrs. Three-penny-bit on her behalf.

"Thank you, Ma'am," says the neat handmaiden, and withdraws; and then, when she is gone, one is vaguely aware that Rosalind—probably considering that another such interruption might not be so dexterously encountered—slips across the room, opens the door, and disappears into the dark passage.

"Did you see her?" says Mrs. Three-penny-bit.

"I caught a glimpse of her."

"Didn't she make a bonny boy?"

"There have been plainer youths."

"That was a costume she got for a fancy-dress ball in Brooklyn; I've never seen it before, but I've heard of it.

She says she got it for its cheapness; but I'm sure it must be more like what Rosalind would wear in the forest than the dress that most stage-Rosalinds wear—Peggy's is really a disguise, whereas the stage-costume would be merely an invitation to robbers. Yes, indeed, she makes a bonny boy; I don't wonder that Phoebe fell in love with her. And I'm pretty sure Peggy was thinking of some prank when she took the trouble to bring that dress with her—some nonsense in the Forest of Arden; and now that she has got a ridiculous fear of Colonel Cameron into her head, I suppose she was determined to have her piece of play-acting before he came. Well, she will have to behave henceforth: if I were to threaten to tell him of her masquerading in a room in a Stratford hotel, wouldn't that frighten her out of her wits?"

But Miss Peggy was not prepared to "behave" just yet. Although she came back in her own proper clothing, she was far from being in her right mind. By rude force she possessed herself of the newspapers, and deliberately put them away; she opened the piano, and dragged Mrs. Three-penny-bit thither, and opened some music; she demanded that the table in the centre of the room should be shoved into the window-recess—in case of certain exigencies connected with one or two of the songs; and then she proceeded to get her banjo strings in tune with the keys. What followed needs not be described here—being far too chaotic to bear consecutive narrative. Indeed it has been observed by many travellers, and reported by them in all good faith, that there is something peculiarly exhilarating—to use the mildest term—in the atmosphere of Stratford-upon-Avon; and stories are told (to which it is difficult to give credence) of the more than extraordinary conduct of which the most grave and serious-minded people, visiting that town, have been guilty. That we did not altogether escape the contagion, on this particular evening, may be frankly and freely admitted. Within just and sober bounds, there was a little modest hilarity. And, indeed, to observe Miss Peggy gently gliding round the room to a waltz-measure, singing the while the chorus of the song, and also helping out the accompaniment with her banjo—But these are revelations which, if once begun, it might be difficult to end:—

"Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. publish the following songs:—"My Southern Home," a setting by Mr. J. L. Molloy of some characteristic lines by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, in which the brightness of the Spanish skies is contrasted with the rigour of colder climes. The music is flowing and melodious, with some good contrasts of the minor and major modes. "The Goodwin Sands," a song in the robust nautical style, the words by Mr. Weatherly, the music by Stephen Adams, who has produced a piece of strongly-marked rhythm, affording good opportunities for declamatory effect. There is a genuine English tone about it. The song entitled "Remember" bears the well-known name of Jacques Blumenthal, the composer of so many popular vocal pieces. This is a song of the sentimental kind, in which there is a touch of pathos free from maudlin exaggeration. It lies well for a voice of almost any calibre, and is especially suited to that of Mr. E. Lloyd, by whom it has been sung with marked success.

"There is a green hill far away" is a sacred song by Ciro Pinsuti to words that have been set by M. Gounod. The recent setting, now referred to, is appropriately serious in tone and style, while preserving a melodic flow and a sufficient variety in the accompaniment that prevent any impression of monotony. A singer who has cultivated expression may make much effect in it without demands on executive skill. Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Young and Old," by Alfred Gatty, and "Brother Ambrose," by F. Bevan; the former a pleasingly-melodious setting of some sentimental lines by the author of "John Halifax," the other based on some quaint and characteristic verses by Mr. F. E. Weatherly; the music being very appropriate thereto. The general formalism of style, and the incidental touch of the ecclesiastical, are very effective.

"The Skye Collection of the Best Reels and Strathspeys" (Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh) is a goodly volume, full music size, well engraved and printed, containing over four hundred tunes of the national character indicated by the title, compiled and arranged by Keith Norman Macdonald, and available for pianoforte with or without violin, and indeed, for the Scottish pipes, some of the tunes having hitherto never been made available for the pianoforte. The best previous collections of the kind have contributed to the volume now referred to, which surpasses in extent and comprehensiveness all former publications of the kind. The peculiar rhythm of the music, and the individual character of the dances associated therewith, give the volume a distinctly national value.

The east window of Trinity Church, Margate, which is of magnificent proportions, has been filled with stained glass, the gift of various donors interested in the church, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street.

Mr. Samuel Brandram announces eight recitals to be given on Saturday afternoons during April and May, in Steinway Hall—the programme consisting of selections from Shakespeare, Sheridan, Tennyson, Browning, Macaulay, Dickens, Rossetti, Colman, Tobin, and others. The first, on April 7, will be devoted to selections from Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," from Sheridan's "School for Scandal," &c.

At the request of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Society of Arts has undertaken to promote the interests of the Barcelona Exhibition in this country, and to act as the intermediary between British exhibitors and the executive of the Exhibition. The Exhibition is announced to be opened on April 9, and the date for the receipt of applications from foreign exhibitors has already passed. A request for an extension of the time has been made to the Spanish executive. In the meantime, British manufacturers who wish to take part in the Exhibition, and have not already sent in applications for space, may apply to the secretary of the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, W.C.

The Countess of Stafford presided over a distinguished gathering of the members of the general committee of the Women's Jubilee Offering, which was held at the Duke of Westminster's town residence, on March 15, when reports were presented announcing that the fund exceeded £84,000, and that the contributors in all parts of the Empire numbered over three millions. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that £70,000 should be conveyed to trustees to be nominated by the Queen for the Nursing Fund, that £10,000 should be kept in hand for the proposed statue, and that the residue should be devoted to the purchase of some personal ornament, which it was hoped her Majesty would accept and wear.



When these two women had climbed up through the bushes to this open space they seemed in no great hurry to leave it.



THE IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM.

THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I. LYING IN STATE IN THE CATHEDRAL AT BERLIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1879) and two codicils (dated Oct. 17, 1883, and Oct. 26, 1886) of the Right Hon. George Baron Northwick, J.P., D.L., M.P. for Evesham 1837-41, and Worcester-shire 1847-59, late of Northwick Park, near Morton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire, Burford House, Tenbury, and No. 7, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on Nov. 18 last, were proved on March 15 by the Hon. Charles Spencer Bateman Hanbury Lennox, J.P., and Martin Curtler, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £324,000. The testator devises his house and lands called Northwick Park, with his estates in the Eastern Division of Worcester, Gloucester, Rutland, Middlesex, and all property he took as tenant in tail of his uncle Lord Northwick (except his town house in Park-street and his Burford estate) to his wife, Elizabeth Augustus, Baroness Northwick, for life, and at her death to George, the son of Lord Edward Churchill, for life, with remainder to his sons successively in seniority in tail male, but charged, on the decease of his wife, with the payment of £5000 per annum to Lord Edward Churchill; and £10,000 to his daughter, Ruby Churchill. He leaves his house and the Manor of Burford, with the advowsons and other property called the "Burford Estate," to his sister, the Hon. Georgiana Rushout, for life; at her death to his wife, for life; and at the death of the survivor of them he settles the same on Sir Charles Rushout. He bequeaths £4000, upon trust, to insure, keep in repair, and support the almshouses at Burford; £500 each to the Burford Friendly Society, the National Schools at Tenbury, and the Burford Cottage Hospital; £100 each to the Shrewsbury Infirmary, the Lock Hospital (Harrow-road), the Lock Asylum, the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), the St. Mark's Hospital for Fistula (City-road), the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin (Blenheim-street, Regent-street), the Sanatorium for Consumption at Bournemouth, the Royal Orthopædic Hospital, the Idiots' Asylum (Earlswood), the Tenbury Dispensary, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the School for Indigent Blind (St. George's-fields, Southwark), the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society (London), the Clergy Friends' Society, the Railway Benevolent Institution (Euston-square), the Seamen's Mission, the Convalescent Home for Females, the Ophthalmic Hospital, the Gardeners' Benevolent Institution, St. George's Hospital, the Literary Fund, the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead, the United Service Museum, the Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home, the Sea-Bathing Hospital at Margate, St. John's Foundation School (St. Helen's-place, Bishopsgate), the Cancer Hospital (Fulham-road), the Royal Veterinary College (Camden Town), the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church, the Life-Boat Institution, the Home for Little Boys (Buckingham-street, Strand), St. Peter's Hospital (Berners-street), the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond-street), the Medical Benevolent Institution (Soho-square), the Shoe-Black Brigade (Manchester-

street, E.), the Drinking-Fountain Association (Throgmorton-street), the Hospital for Consumption at Torquay, the Tenbury Association for the Preservation of Salmon, the Bishop of London's Fund, the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat (Golden-square), the City of London Truss Society, the Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital (191, Marylebone-road), the Bishop of Rochester's Fund (Great George-street), the Hospital for Hip Disease in Children (19, Queen-square), the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, the Agricultural Benevolent Society, the Charity Organisation Society, and the Society for the Protection of Women; £20,000 to his sister, the Hon. Georgiana Rushout; £300 to Sir Charles Rushout; £3000 each to his executors if they serve for three years, £2000 each if for two years, and £1000 if for one year; and very numerous legacies and annuities to relatives, agents, servants, and workmen. He also states that the furniture, pictures, statues, and other articles about Northwick Park and Burford House are to go as heirlooms, with the exception of the portraits of the Lord Keeper Coventry and Lady Coventry, which he gives to the Earl of Coventry, and a portrait of Lord Lechmere to Sir Edward Lechmere. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife Lady Northwick, absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1887), with a codicil (dated Feb. 3, 1888), of Mr. William Wainwright, J.P., D.L., Chairman of the Royal Fire and Life Insurance Company, late of Hoe Place, Woking, who died on Feb. 5 last, was proved on March 6 by Philip Meadows Martineau, Edmund Ward Oliver, and James Gadesden Wainwright, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £214,000. The testator bequeaths an immediate legacy of £500, and a further legacy of £10,000, to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Eliza Wainwright; the use of his house at Woking, with all the household furniture and effects, and the income of £45,000 to his wife, for life; £10,000, and an additional £5000 upon the death of his wife, to his daughter Harriet Eliza; £6500, and an additional £10,000 on the decease of his wife, to his daughter, Mrs. Emily Constance Crookenden; £100 to each grandchild born in his lifetime; and £1120 between his sons—viz., £400 to his son James Gadesden, and £350 each to his sons George Ernest and William. He gives all his interest (including freeholds, leaseholds, bonds, and securities) in the colliery of the Victoria Coal and Coke Company, Limited, at Stanley, near Wakefield, to his said three sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons, James Gadesden, William, and George Ernest, in the same proportions as the legacy of £1120; but he directs that £20,000 is to be deducted from the share of each of his sons and held, in trust, for them for life, and then for their children.

The will (dated May 28, 1886) of the Right Hon. Richard Bickerton Pemell, Viscount Lyons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., P.C., D.C.L., formerly Ambassador at Paris, who died on Dec. 5 last, at St. James's-square, was proved on March 15 by Lord Edmund Bernard Talbot, the nephew, one of the executors, the

value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £114,000. The testator bequeaths the sword, badges, stars, and ribbons of various Orders, the freedom of the City of London in a gold box, the patents of a Peer and Baronet, and other presentations to his father, Admiral Lord Lyons, to his nephew, the Most Noble Henry Fitzalan Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and there are some gifts to his sister, Ann Theresa Bickerton, Baroness Von Würtzburg, and an annuity of £80 to his valet. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to two sevenths thereof to his sister, the Baroness Von Würtzburg and one seventh each to his nephew and nieces, Lord Edmund Bernard Talbot, Lady Mary Fitzalan Howard, Lady Philippa Fitzalan Howard, Lady Margaret Fitzalan Howard, and Lady Anne Kerr.

The will (dated March 13 1885), and two codicils (dated Aug. 18 and 19, 1887) of Mr. Edward Blackburn, late of Haine, Stowford, Devon, who died on Aug. 27 last, were proved on March 14 by James Nicholas McColl, the executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £92,000. The testator recites that he has during his life settled the income of certain securities on his wife, and made settlements on his four daughters and his son Arthur; and, subject to his wife's interest, he bequeaths the said securities to his four sons, Arthur, Ernest, Robert, and Harold, and his daughter Mary, and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He devises his estate at Haine, with house, lands, and hereditaments, and all real estate in Devon and Cornwall, to his son Arthur, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £16,000 each to his sons Arthur, Ernest, Robert, and Harold; £5000 each to his daughters Emma, Mrs. Laura Woollocombe, and Mrs. Alice Maude Woulfe; £8000 to his daughter Mary; and £16,000, upon trust, to pay such a sum, not exceeding £500 a year, to his son Edward, and, subject thereto, to his children. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves to his four sons, Arthur, Ernest, Robert, and Harold.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Inverness, of the Right Hon. Simon Fraser, Baron Lovat of Lovat, in the county of Inverness, who died on Sept. 6 last, granted to the Right Hon. Simon Joseph Fraser, Baron Lovat, the executors dative qua general disponee, was revealed in London on March 14, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £23,000.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1882) of Sir Richard Duckworth King, Bart., late of No. 2, Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, who died on Nov. 2 last, was proved on March 8, by Admiral Sir George St. Vincent King, K.C.B., the brother, and Charles Edward Barnett, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £8000. The testator gives £500 and all his interest in No. 2, Chesterfield-street, to his brother, Sir George St. Vincent King; an annuity of £500 to his brother, Colonel Henry Robert Cornwallis King, and at his death to his wife and two daughters; £500 and an annuity of £100 to his butler; and legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to the sons of his brother, Colonel Henry Robert Cornwallis King.

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ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. sell Ceylon Teas, Indian Teas, and China Teas in their integrity.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell Indian Garden Teas in original chests to those who desire special Garden Teas at a bare commission on Garden prices.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEA EVER SOLD at the money. Half-chests, holding 50 separate pounds or 100 half-pounds, for 43 6s. 8d., carriage paid to any railway station in Great Britain, and there is no such value offered in this Kingdom at the money.

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CHEAPEST and BEST TEA. COOPER COOPER and CO. pack their Teas in all quantities, suitable for dividing out among friends—in catty-boxes, chests, and half-chests.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEA, possessing GREAT STRENGTH and ELEGANCE, at 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. a pound, and Teas of such intrinsic excellence have never been offered before to this generation at the money.

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MANY of THESE TEAS SELLING in the publication in Mincing-lane at 2s. 10d. and 2s. 11d. a pound (including H.M. Customs duty of 6d. a pound, which is paid on all Teas).

COOPER COOPER and CO.

COOPER COOPER and CO. SELL these Teas at a fractional cost on the price actually paid to the importing houses.

IN GOLD MINES we hear that certain ores give so many ounces of pure gold to the ton—some two or three ounces; some—especially rich—eight to ten ounces to the ton; but no one would contend that the richer ores are dearer because they would fetch twice the price per ton for it is the gold that is the value; the refuse is valueless. So with Tea. One pound of the fine Tea sold by COOPER COOPER and CO. will yield more real Tea than twice the quantity of inferior Tea, and not only twice the quantity, but twice the quality—refined gold—not mixed metal.

GENUINE UNADULTERATED TEAS, all of this year's growth, analysed and carefully selected by COOPER COOPER and CO. from the richest productions of Ceylon, India, and China, either mixed each with other or in their integrity, as may be desired, at One Shilling and Fourpence a pound, mounting by steps, according to richness and delicacy of flavour, to 3s. a pound. Samples of any Tea will be sent, post-free, on application. Packages containing 10 lb. of Tea and upwards, will be delivered free to any Railway Station in Great Britain. Packages containing from 4 to 10 lb. of Tea, will be sent by Parcel Post, free of charge, address in the United Kingdom, from Land's End to John o' Groat's House, for 3d. in addition to the cost of the Tea—and there is no such value to be had in this Kingdom for the money.

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AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY “VADE MECUM.”

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—“Blessings on your ‘FRUIT SALT’! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my ‘vade mecum.’ Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit pain—‘Richard is himself again!’ So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

When Eno's Salt betimes you take,
No waste of this Elixir make;
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up.”

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds:—“Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in

grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following:—

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,
And still our health renew.”

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—“EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasions I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable ‘FRUIT SALT,’ to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of my duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours,
A CORPORAL 19TH HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO.”

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the Capsule is marked “ENO'S FRUIT SALT.” Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. **PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S “FRUIT SALT” WORKS, LONDON, S.E.**

The wildest scorner of the natural laws
Finds in a sober moment time to pause

To press the important question on his heart,
Why formed at all, and wherefore as thou art?

PLATO'S MEDITATION ON IMMORTALITY.

Born, 429; Died, 347 B.C.

“It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points to the Hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.”

ADDISON.



PLATO MEDITATING BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY.
(The Portrait of Plato is copied from an exquisite gem of high antiquity in the British Museum.)

DUTY.

Knowest thou yesterday its aim and reason?
Workest thou well to-day for worthy things?
Calmly wait to-morrow's hidden season;
Need'st not fear what hap soe'er it brings.

“Duty alone is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment. . . And when we have done our work on earth—of necessity, of labour, of love, or of duty—like the silkworm that spins its little cocoon and dies, we too depart. But, short though our stay in life may be, it is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the great aim and end of his being to the best of his power: and when that is done, the accidents of the flesh will affect but little the *Immortality* we shall at last put on.”—SMILES.

TO AID NATURE in CHILDHOOD, MIDDLE AGE, or ADVANCED LIFE, without force or strain, use ENO'S “VEGETABLE MOTO” (a simple Vegetable Extract), when combined with ENO'S “FRUIT SALT.” They perform their work “silently as the twilight comes when the day is done”; and the patient is much astonished to find his bilious attack, &c., has completely fled before the simple and natural onslaught of the MOTO. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the Blood pure and preventing disease.

ENO'S “VEGETABLE MOTO.”

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(A NATURAL LAXATIVE, STOMACHIC, BILE, OR LIVER TONIC PILL.)

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Disordered Stomach, Bilious Attacks, also Seaside Bilious Attacks.

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A Gentle and Corrective Action.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken many antidotes during my life to cause an action on the bowels, but the general effect of your ‘Vegetable Moto’ is happier in more ways than one; I find them gentle and corrective in their action, and in some mysterious way helpful alike to the stomach and liver. I like to have them always at hand.—Yours, N. B. C., Strand, W.C., Sept. 13, 1886.”

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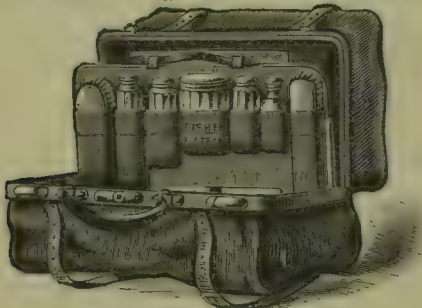
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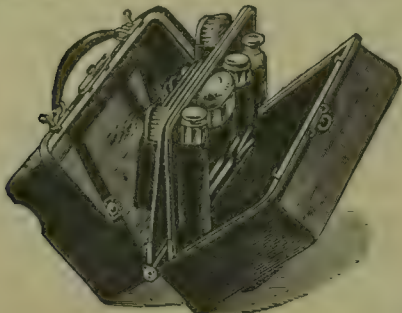
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Scissors, Nail-File, and Button-Hook, Price, complete,
£6, with Plated Fittings; £7 10s., with Silver Fittings.

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The New Lady's Bag, Removable Centre, Morocco
Leather, fitted complete, Silver Mounts, Ivory Brushes.
Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag, contains Soap-Box,
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Glove Stretchers, Comb, Hair-Brush, Velvet-Brush,
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It can be borne and digested by
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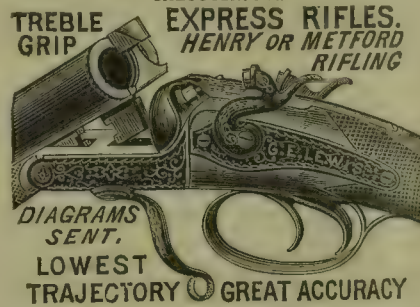
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THE CROWN PRINCE GREETING THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN THE SALOON CAR AT THE WESTERN RAILWAY STATION.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR, FREDERICK III.

Frederick III., King of Prussia and German Emperor, has been long famous as the "Crown Prince," not only in Germany, but throughout Europe. It seems but yesterday that he rode through the streets of London in the escort of Princes attending Queen Victoria when she drove to Westminster Abbey, and attracted all eyes by his handsome figure and knightly bearing. Within a few weeks of that stately ceremonial, in which he played so conspicuous a part, came whispers, telling that he was smitten with a malady which might prove fatal. The mere rumour, still more the reality, called forth a prompt and sustained outburst of strong sympathetic feeling. For, though he was modest and retired, and had been only the dutiful first subject in a mighty Empire, he had won the hearts of friends and foes, and men in all lands looked towards him as one who, when his father should die in the fullness of time, would be a great, just, and kindly Sovereign. That day came, but under what tragic conditions! The aged Emperor died afar from his "dear Fritz," whom he so longed to see again, and Fritz himself, bereft of the power of speech, was compelled to cross the Alps, ill as he was, in order to take his place at the head of an empire, and yet was not permitted to stand beside his father's bier! Few more touching journeys have been recorded than this of the stricken Prince from his sunny refuge on the Riviera to a city—a nation—in mourning, deep and sincere. A profoundly impressive accession; watched with eagerness and sympathy, not only in Germany, but beyond the Atlantic, on remote African plains, and on the shores and islands of the Farther East—wherever the English and the German tongues are spoken. He is now King-Emperor under these afflictive conditions; he who has hitherto been loved for kindly actions and admired for civil courage among his people; he who shone out brightly in the smoke of battle on foreign fields, and who also endeared himself to friend and foe because he was always quick to console the distressed and wounded. It is a striking, an affecting, destiny; and for long years will be remembered the simple majesty which marked the death of the Emperor William and the pathetic conditions surrounding the accession of his only son. What that son is his life has shown; and it amply accounts for the abiding, affectionate, and trustful interest it has excited all over the world, but most among his own people, by whom he was, and is, heartily beloved.

Frederick III., known first as Prince Frederick William, and then as the Crown Prince, was born fifty-seven years ago, on Oct. 18, 1831, when Europe was shaken by revolutions, the precursors of still greater changes, and the old forms were beginning to give place to new. His father, then Prince William, was the second son of Frederick William III., who ascended the Prussian Throne in 1797, the year when the child was born who came to be proclaimed German Emperor in the palace of the Grand Monarque. His mother was Princess Augusta, of Saxe-Weimar, the accomplished lady who is now the widowed Empress. The destinies of Prussia did not, in 1829, when they were married, seem bright; she was overshadowed by Russia without and by Austria within the old Confederation set up, in 1815, as a substitute for the Holy Roman Empire. But her Sovereign, like most of his house, never forgot how much its existence depended upon the army, and that frugality of administration which is a sort of heirloom of his family. Prince William was deeply imbued with Prussian principles, and under his eye the little Fritz was led into the right path. It need hardly be said at this time of day that the Prussian Princes grow up clothed in uniform, and, like other Prussian subjects, are taught their military duties very early in life. The famous regiments of the Guard soon become familiar with their appearance in quarters and on parade, and by due, yet rapid steps, the Royal scions acquire command. Not that their education in other respects is in any way neglected. They go through the usual course in school and at the universities, and share with the students their pleasures and pains. The Crown Prince had excellent teachers—notably, Ernst Curtius; and in 1850 he became a student at Bonn, and, later on, Rector. With a father so manly and serious, yet "jovial" as one courtier calls him, and a mother so accomplished, the Prince could not fail to be well taught and trained. If it were not the Prussian custom, the necessities which beset Royal houses in modern times would have been sufficient to impose culture as well as drill and discipline upon the highly-placed young man. Nor were the advantages of travel denied to Prince Frederick William, upon whom Egypt, the land of wonders and ancient mysteries, made so deep an impression that he longed to visit it again. The fruit of this training has been shown by his manhood. He was tall, healthy, blue-eyed, frank, and simple, and he won regard wherever he went when a youth. In the English Court his father was held in especial esteem; and when, having become Prince of Prussia and heir-apparent, he was driven from Berlin in 1848, his son came with him to England. Although politics forbade his open reception, he saw Queen Victoria—who deeply sympathised with him—and Prince Albert; and it was then that Prince Frederick William, a lad of seventeen, first saw Princess Victoria, a lively and engaging child. It was the hope of several persons that these two in after years might be united, and the hope was fulfilled. Five years afterwards, in the month of September, when Sebastopol had been captured, Prince Frederick William paid a famous visit to Balmoral. He went thither with the consent of his parents and of the King, Frederick William IV., to ask for the hand of Princess Victoria, still a young maiden in all the "unconstraint of girlhood." After breakfast, on the morning of Sept. 20, writes the Prince Consort to his friend Baron Stockmar, "the young man laid his proposal before us. We accepted it for ourselves, but requested him to hold it in suspense, as regards the other party, till after her confirmation. In the spring the young man wishes to make his offer to herself." The Prince Consort was much pleased with "the young man," and found that his prominent qualities were "great straightforwardness, frankness, and honesty. He appears free from prejudices, and pre-eminently well-intentioned. He speaks of himself as personally attracted by Vicky. That she will have no objection to make I regard as probable." A day or two later the idyll had progressed: "The Prince is really in love, and the little lady does her best to please him." He did not wait to speak until the spring. Writing, in her journal, on the 29th, the Queen says: "Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. . . . He had already spoken to us, on the 20th; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better that he should do so, and during our ride up Craignabon, this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of good luck) which he gave to her, and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Gironck, which led to this happy conclusion." A pretty story, simply told. Writing on Oct. 2, the Prince Consort says that Prince Fritz left Balmoral on the day before, and speaks in ardent praise of the childlike simplicity and

candour of his daughter. "The young people are ardently in love with one another," he adds, "and the purity, innocence, and unselfishness of the young man have been, on his part, equally touching." It was this engagement in 1855, which was fulfilled in 1858, when the gallant soldier-prince was married to the Princess on whom, says Sir Theodore Martin, "his heart had been for some time set." The lovers of 1855 have bright grandchildren in 1888, and still the old bond of affection is unimpaired—nay strengthened—by the splendours, the trials, and the sorrows of thirty years.

The bride and bridegroom were heartily welcomed in Berlin, and in August of the same year the Queen and Prince Consort visited them in their new home. A great change was impending over Prussia. The then King was stricken with a painful malady, and after the Royal travellers from England had returned to her shores, Prince William was obliged to become Prince Regent. He had acted in that capacity since the autumn of 1857; but in October, 1858, he was appointed Regent with full powers. His son had long been engaged in working in the different Ministerial departments, becoming, as the Prince Consort remarked, "thoroughly acquainted with what is making history"—that is, if he could discern, through the "appalling weight and number of German official documents," the essential principles of rule, and was not "overwhelmed with the multiplicity of details and of so-called work." The experiences, however, must have been valuable as mere discipline. The Regent at once set about the reform of the army, which events soon showed was very imperfect from a soldier's point of view. That slowly but surely brought on a constitutional crisis. The radical military changes set on foot by the Sovereign and his servants, although they were essential to the safety of Prussia and to the realisation of their hopes, were opposed by the patriots, who clamoured for unity. The question led to a prolonged contest between the King and the Parliament, and whichever was right from a Constitutional point of view, one thing is indubitable: that had not the King prevailed, Germany would not now be united; and it is even possible that France would have acquired Belgium, or at least some territory lying west of the left bank of the Rhine. During the persistent struggle with the majority in the Lower House, which had taken England for a model, Herr Von Bismarck was brought in to fight the King's battle. He did so with a force and dexterity totally unexpected, and the temper of the combatants rose to such a pitch that quarrels and duels were frequent. Prince Frederick William, who had become Crown Prince, was imbued with English opinions, and he did not conceal his views. In 1863, the strife had reached a critical stage, the policy of the Government became harsh, and the Crown Prince was so moved that he addressed words of strong remonstrance to his father. The origin of this step may be traced to a letter from the Prince Consort, who did not, unhappily, live to witness the events of 1863. It was written soon after "the young man" had been engaged, bore date Nov. 6, 1855, and applied really to a different state of things. It was directed against the "Reactionists," to which party King William did not belong, and inveighed against the destruction of the Constitution, then in danger. The advice of the Prince Consort to his son-in-law elect was definite. "I would," he wrote, "record a solemn protest against such proceedings, not by way of opposition to the Government, but in defence of the rights of those whose rights I should regard as inseparable from my own—those of my country and my people—and in order that I might absolve my conscience from any suspicion of participation in the unholy work." At the height of the struggle in Berlin, but in different circumstances, the Crown Prince acted on that advice. He was not in opposition exactly for the first time, for at an earlier period differences with his father had occurred; but he had "promised to keep back and maintain silence," and still in 1863 he only set forth his opinions in private to the King. "I beseech you, my dearest father," he wrote, "not to invade the law in the way you hinted"—forcing on the country his own views of military reform, and issuing a decree smiting the Opposition press. The King vindicated his course, and advised his son to be cautious; but immediately after the Crown Prince formally declared "the proceedings of the Cabinet (in Prussia there was not and is not really a Cabinet) to be both illegal and injurious to the State and the Dynasty." So far did the dispute go that the King hinted at the dismissal of his son from his command on account of a speech at Dantzic. In answer came a bold despatch, saying that "the Ministry" imperilled his future and that of his children. "I shall," he declared, "make as courageous a stand for my future, as you, my dear father, are making for your own. I cannot retract anything I have said. All I can do is to keep quiet. Should you wish me to do so, I hereby lay at your feet my commission in the army and my seat in the Council of State. I beg you to appoint me a place of residence, or to permit me to select one myself, either in Prussia or abroad. If I am not allowed to speak my mind, I must naturally wish to disavow myself entirely from politics." Nothing came of it, however; for dissension between two such noble spirits could not endure, especially in the face of public danger. The Crown Prince did not then comprehend the scope of Bismarck's vast policy, or discern in him the qualities which made him the first statesman of Germany; but he acted with honesty and courage and deserved the respect he won from all.

In this very year, 1863, two events occurred which were of a nature to arouse reflection. The Emperor of Austria summoned the German Princes to meet him at Frankfurt in order to reform the Bund, a congress which the King of Prussia would not attend. The second event was the death of the King of Denmark, in November, whereby the Schleswig-Holstein question once more became a cause of quarrels, broad and deep. The Diet at first interfered, and sent Federal troops into Holstein; but negotiations for a quiet settlement having failed, the rivals for supremacy in Germany—Austria and Prussia—took up the business, and, as all know, defeated the Danes. The Crown Prince did not relish the policy pursued; but, however reluctantly, he shared in the war, and saw service on the staff of Field-Marshal Von Wrangel. It was this war which brought the long contest between Austria and Prussia to a head, and discord in Denmark proved to be the prelude to unity in Germany. The result of a series of moves and counter-moves was that, in 1866, the Austrian Emperor and the Prussian King found themselves at war; and Prussia, with only one ally, sent out her armies to fight against the whole resources of the Confederation. The policy of Bismarck had to stand the ultimate test, and the upshot would depend on the mobility as well as the solidity of the instrument supplied by the arduous and unremitting labours of King William and his assistants Boon and Moltke. It stood the test; and astonished Europe beheld with mingled feelings the actual and indisputable presence of a great military Power.

The Crown Prince was entrusted with the command of what was called the "Army of Silesia," which, besides cavalry, consisted of the Guard and three corps. The Chief of the Staff with the Prince was General Blumenthal, a skilful and hardy soldier. The plan of campaign was that while two armies, which soon became one, broke into Bohemia from the north-west, heading for the Iser, the

Prince's force should emerge into the scenes of decisive action through the passes to the eastward—passes famous in the history of his great ancestor, "Friedrich II." But a line of mountain wall, forty miles long—the Giant Mountains—separated the armies at the outset, and their operations had to be nicely combined if they were to form a junction. They were combined by the aid of the electric telegraph; and, being well directed, and fighting stoutly, they did meet on a decisive field. We need only say that by June 30 the armies of the Red Prince and General Herwarth, ultimately joined by the King, had successfully made their way beyond the Iser to Gitschin, where they won a battle, and proceed at once to describe briefly the exploits of the Crown Prince. He joined his army on June 4, but the leading columns did not move upon the frontier until the 22nd; nor—the delay was calculated—came into contact with the adversary until the 27th, four days after the other armies had begun their conquering march. On that day the Prince's army marched upon the three passes leading into Bohemia, and called its gates—Trautenau, Eypel, and Nachod. The troops which moved on Trautenau were repelled by the energy of General Gablenz, who thrust back General Von Bonin; but, in the resolute onset, the Austrians lost more than five thousand men under the deadly fire of the needle-gun, which then, for the first time, really startled Europe, and made the men of Red-Tape believe in breech-loading rifles. The Guard Corps broke through at Brunnan, and reached Eypel. At the same time Von Steinmetz, a rough fighting veteran, with whose troops was the Crown Prince, entered the defile of Nachod, and soon came to blows. For the Austrians assailed and drove back the head of his column, and were only themselves kept at bay by the Prussian infantry battalions posted in a wood. In rear of them were the whole of the artillery, and the defile was crowded with transport. The Crown Prince was in Nachod, and he instantly rode through the press "in order himself to be with his soldiers in their time of trial"—a forward spirit which adds strength to troops in battle. The ordeal was protracted, for the rear battalions, the guns and cavalry, marched with difficulty on the narrow way. When they arrived, the infantry could not emerge because a body of Austrian cavalry were drawn up ready to charge. "The Crown Prince," says Colonel Hozier, "knew that on breaking that cavalry depended the passage of the 5th Corps into Bohemia, and he sent against it the 8th Dragoons and 1st Uhlans." The two lines, both eager for combat, met about half way, "formed for one moment an entangled, struggling crowd, and then the Prussian Uhlans, with their lance-points low and heads bent down, were seen pursuing. The most famous cavalry in Europe had been overthrown." Then the infantry cleared the defile, the Austrian horse were once more worsted, and Steinmetz, boldly attacking, won the day, taking guns, prisoners, and colours. The Crown Prince, at the end of his first battle, thanked the General and his troops in the name of the King. The next day, the 28th, was trying. Steinmetz assailed the Austrians and beat them at Skalitz, capturing more guns and prisoners. The Crown Prince was not on this field. He had not heard of the mishap at Trautenau; nevertheless, it seemed best that he should post himself at Kosteletz, which placed him between the wings of his army. There on the hill he heard the roar of two actions—one on his right, the other on his left—and saw the battle smoke. He could only watch and wait; but soon came news that Steinmetz was victorious at Skalitz, and that the Guard, breaking down all opposition, had forced the pass of Eypel and opened that of Trautenau. The Prince rode to Eypel, and thus the entry into Bohemia was made good. On the 29th the army advanced to the Elbe, and on the 30th the cavalry from Gitschin touched the Prince's outposts at Arnau, on the Aupa. In seven days, the armies, divided at starting by a long mountain ridge, had come into contact, and it now remained to effect their complete junction, which was done on the field of Sadowa, or Königgrätz.

On the river Bistritz, near that old-fashioned fortress, the Austrian General Benedek had collected his army in the hope of defeating the King before his son could reach the field. Von Moltke, well informed, judged on the 2nd that a battle would be fought on July 3, and in the middle of the night directed the Silesian army to march direct for the rear of the Austrian line. Hence, while the King was engaged in furious combat with the Austrians fronting him, the Crown Prince's troops were hastening literally across country, in several columns, for the decisive spot. From a height above the village of Chotoberek, the prospect stretches far along the valley of the Bistritz, and although the air was obscured by rain, so that the exact position of the troops could not be seen, yet the flashes of gun-fire and the smoke of burning villages indicated the line of combat. So the army hastened on in high spirits, stimulated by the cannonade, and, before noon, the leading battalions of the Guard were fighting their foes in Chlum, situated in the right rear of the Austrian army! Benedek had placed his reserves on his left, and was occupied with the front attack; he does not seem to have heard or noticed the movement of the Guard; and when learning, to his horror, that they were masters of Chlum he rode thither, he was fired on and several of his staff were wounded. By three o'clock the leading battalions of the Guard had captured fifty-five guns, and were astride the road from Sadowa to Königgrätz; and from that post they could not be moved. From a height called the Rokosberg, King William saw the fire of guns, and inferred that the Prince had arrived; but there was still hard fighting to be done, for the Austrians stood their ground, though turned, and virtually defeated. Their cavalry and artillery sacrificed themselves to weaken pursuit, and the mingling of the several Prussian armies, as well as the lateness of the hour, staved it off. The Red Prince rode into Chlum to confer with his cousin; and at the close of the day the Crown Prince joined his father on the meadows of Probus, where the delighted veteran took off his breast the Order of Merit and gave it to his son. The King has recorded the affecting incident. "At last I came upon Fritz, with his staff. What a moment, after all we had gone through, and upon the evening of such a day! I gave him the *Ordre pour le Mérite* with my own hands, so that the tears ran down his cheeks—for he had never received my telegram announcing the gift (sent after the fight at Skalitz). It was, therefore, a complete surprise." More need not be said of this brief campaign, which brought the Prussian armies within sight of Vienna, and ended in the peace which excluded Austria from Germany and founded the Confederation of the North.

Then followed four years of peace. The Crown Prince had the satisfaction of hearing his father ask the Parliament to pass a Bill of Indemnity, to cover and legalise the irregular military expenditure of several years; and he probably had come to appreciate the European situation and its relation to Germany better than he did in 1863. But though there was peace, there was also ever-present danger from Austria, and especially France; and the task of completing the army, including the troops of the southern States—the control of which had been acquired by a master-stroke of diplomacy—entailed on the Crown Prince, as well as on others, unremitting toil. Danger lurked under the demands of Napoleon III. for "compensation," and the perils of the moment were seen in



THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR, FREDERICK III., KING OF PRUSSIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REICHARD AND LINDNER, OF BERLIN.

the Luxemburg and Belgian questions. It was known that Austria and France were drawing near together, and in the winter of 1868-9 Von Moltke thought it expedient to frame a plan of campaign, which, strangely enough, was afterwards carried out. The four years were anxious ones for Europe; yet, although war had been expected every spring, nevertheless the sudden events of July, 1870, took everyone by surprise. The Emperor Napoleon had won a diplomatic victory at Ems when the Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne was withdrawn. Not content, he allowed himself to be forced into war by the Empress and his intimate councillors; and the challenge, promptly taken up in Berlin, brought on the strife which broke in pieces, for a time, the military power of France. It was in the campaign of 1870-1 that the Crown Prince once more came prominently before the public eye, and issued from the unparalleled struggle heir-apparent to the Imperial Crown he now wears.

Popular all over the Fatherland, he was most happily placed in the command of the South German troops, which, together with two Prussian corps and the proper cavalry divisions, made up his army. The order of mobilisation went out on the night of July 15, and on Aug. 2 the German armies were over the Rhine. It was the duty of the Crown Prince to invade Alsace, and, by passing through the Vosges, turn the right of the French troops who were between the Saar and Metz. Marshal MacMahon, with a force exceeding forty thousand men, stood in his path; but so swift and decided was the Crown Prince's advance that on Aug. 4 he surprised and cut up a French division at Weissenbourg on the Lauter, and on the 6th defeated and routed the Marshal on the field of Woerth. He came up only at the close of the combat on the 4th, and did not enter the battlefield of Woerth until about noon. In fact, he did not intend to fight on that day, but on the next day, and, as usual, in this war the subordinate commanders, even brigadiers, initiated great battles. It was so at Woerth, at Saarbrück, at Borny, at Vionville. On the 6th, the Crown Prince was aroused by the sound of guns, and then informed that the 5th Corps and part of the Bavarians were in action. All the troops on the roads were hurried up, and the Prince rode himself to the scene. We may picture him as he sat on his horse among the hardy warriors above Woerth, wearing a plain frock, adorned with the Order of Merit, a flat cap with red band, and white breeches, and boots. When the state of affairs was explained, he sanctioned what had been done, and thenceforth conducted the battle. The Generals had feared that the French were about to retreat, so they held them fast, and the result was a victory which laid open the entrance to Lorraine. "I have been among the wounded," he said the next morning to Dr. Russell, "and nothing can be more touching than their excellent spirit and devotion. They were quite proud to have suffered for the Fatherland. But, alas! that they should suffer, and that this horrible war should be necessary!" That is the key to his kindly frame of mind. He showed none of the love of fighting which distinguished a rough soldier like Blumenthal, who rejoiced at having caught "two gentlemen of the press in the church tower of Woerth"; adding, "they must expect to be hanged as spies." With a good-natured laugh the Crown Prince said: "No; we will let them go, and send them to Switzerland." We may note, too, that he smoked a pipe with a porcelain bowl, bearing the Royal arms of Prussia—a gift, if we mistake not, from the Crown Princess. The army, in many currents, rolled through the Vosges. MacMahon had retreated so fast that he got out of reach; and, indeed, was off, by a circuitous route, to Châlons. So that, after Woerth, there was no more battle on this side, and the conquering army, emerging from the passes, poured into Lorraine. The gracious presence of the Crown Prince allayed even the apprehensions of the functionaries in the surrendered towns. From Nancy he rode to Pont-à-Mousson to confer, for a moment, with the King. It was at Nancy that the army heard of Gravelotte, and, on Aug. 20, started "for Paris." The Prince rejoined the troops en route, and we get a glimpse of him, in the early morning, at Ligny in Barois, on Aug. 24, walking down the street, smoking his favourite pipe, and chatting with his staff, bent on reviewing the Bavarians on the birthday of their King. A little later he became unwell and was obliged to exchange his horse for a close carriage. At Bar-le-Duc, the King and Von Moltke came up, and there was a serious conference on the state of affairs. But now news arrived from various quarters, from the far-ranging and lynx-eyed cavalry, from captured letters and newspapers, from telegrams sent from London; and the news was weighty. Von Moltke had doubted whether it could be true that MacMahon was moving on the Meuse, but Blumenthal and Podbielski judged that it was true; and when the doubts were solved, the whole army swung round to the right and headed towards the Argonne to join the Saxon Prince's army. It was a rapid and stirring march through the heavy rain, and the Crown Prince, still unwell, drove along the muddy roads in his carriage, and was not fit again until he had passed St. Menchould. The Saxon Prince had now got near the enemy, and on Aug. 30, when the battle of Beaumont was fought and won, "our Fritz," as the soldiers called him, was away on the left, seated on a height whence he could see the smoke and mark the progress of the fray. Then he rode to Stonne, and was told that the Emperor Napoleon had slept in the village the day before. "Rubbing his hands slowly, he said, 'In that case he cannot be far away, and must know that this day is going badly for him.' There was a touch of pity in his tone," says Dr. Russell, who was with him; and it was always so wherever there was suffering, whether the sufferer were friend or foe. The next day the troops closed upon Sedan. The Crown Prince's head-quarters were at Chemery, and in the evening he saw his warrior-father there. When night fell, and lights appeared, he was observed pacing up and down his room with folded arms, meditating, no doubt, on the part his soldiers were to play on Sept. 1, when part of them were to cross the Meuse and bar the road to Mézières. During that marvellous day he took post upon a hill between Frenois and Donchery, his father being on another height near at hand, both of which commanded a superb view of the whole terrible scene. We shall not attempt to describe it. The cause of the French was hopeless after the sun had set on the 31st; and the magnitude of the result—the capture of Napoleon III. and his army—remains a stupendous fact for ever in the minds of men. When the Emperor surrendered in such dramatic fashion, the Crown Prince attended his father to Bellevue; where the King met Napoleon. He remained outside the room during the interview, but afterwards saw the fallen Sovereign; and none can doubt that his warm heart melted with pity for his fate, how-doubt well it may have been deserved. When the King visited his troops after the surrender, and rode all round Sedan, the Crown Prince accompanied him, and saw much to sadden as well as rejoice his heart in those days of excitement. On the night of the capitulation, he rose and said, "Gentlemen, at this table it is not usual to propose toasts; but I give you one: it is—'The Health of his Majesty the King and of the Army.'" And it was drunk in champagne intended for the Emperor Napoleon, and captured by Prussian Hussars.

The march on Paris rapidly followed upon the tragedy of

Sedan; and after the capital was invested, the work of the Crown Prince was of the kind which does not show. He had his head-quarters at Les Ombages, the country seat of a rich Parisian. We get glimpses of him from time to time in his quarters and in action, but nothing of special importance. We learn from Dr. Busch that Bismarck had advised the Prince to have his son taught Polish; and while at Versailles Bismarck mentioned how he had spoken to the Poseners, adding, "Perhaps it would be well if their commander could talk to them." "Ah, Bismarck, you are going to attack me again on that point, as you have done several times before," said the Prince, smiling. "No, I cannot do it; I am not going to learn any more languages." Or take this, from Dr. Russell: They were dining at Les Ombages at the end of December, and the Crown Prince spoke of his weariness of the war, and asked, "When is this horrid work to cease?" At one time he admired Gambetta as a genius and patriot, but not when he continued the fight after it had become hopeless. "As for myself," he said, "I only desire durable and honourable peace." It is easy to see that he was a soldier from devotion to Germany and duty, and had no love for "glory." Before the war finished he became Imperial Highness, for the Princes of Germany had resolved to accept William of Hohenzollern as their Emperor; and on Jan. 18 befell that striking scene in the Palace of Versailles, when the high post was solemnly accepted. The Crown Prince is pictured as standing in a noble, unstudied attitude, "with his sword straight on the point of the scabbard before him, and his hands resting one above the other on the hilt," gazing, says Dr. Russell, now at the King, who stood apart, and now at Bismarck, but most at the great statesman, upon whom he once looked askance, but whom he had now long supported and admired. At length the end came; the war was over, and the Prince was able to return to the avocations of peace. A serious, kind, reflective man he is seen to be, who loves arts and letters, and honourable duties, yet knows that it is needful to keep bright and sharp the deadly sword.

During the years of peace which succeeded the war of 1870-1, the Crown Prince was engaged in the work allotted to capable men in his station; and he frequently represented the King in visits and ceremonials. Before that period, he was at the opening of the Suez Canal, and visited Palestine. After it, he went to Vienna, in 1873, to be present at the opening of the Exhibition; and subsequently travelled in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. He paid a visit to Victor Emmanuel at Naples in 1875, and attended the funeral of that King in Rome in 1878. He presided over the Commission organised when the assassins Nobiling and Hödel endeavoured to slay the Emperor William; and, in 1881, it was his sad duty to witness the funeral of Alexander II., at St. Petersburg. On many other occasions he took part in public business, and was always ready to foster education, literature, and art. The excavations at Olympia, which yielded such fruit, owed much to him; and he did not forget his student days at Bonn. He was Rector of that University, and he presided over one of its great student celebrations. In addition to his scholastic rank at Bonn, the degree of Doctor was conferred on him by the Universities of Königsberg and Oxford. Moreover, he wrote one or two books; one on his brief Eastern tour, and another on the war of 1866.

The rest is the sad and solemn record of the last week. The Crown Prince is now the King-Emperor; the Crown Princess is the Queen-Empress Victoria; so that there are two—mother and daughter—who bear the proud title. The first acts of Frederick III. show that his fine nature has not changed one whit, and that he is the courteous, considerate, and kindly gentleman who made all men love him in former years. In his Proclamation, issued on March 12, after speaking with affectionate reverence of his father, faithful Prussia's "fame-crowned King," the founder of German unity, the first German Emperor, he says, for himself, that his sole endeavour will be to "make Germany a stronghold of peace," and to secure the prosperity of the country he is called to rule; vowing that he "will be a just and faithful King in joy as well as in sorrow." So that the Emperor justifies the promise afforded by the life of the Crown Prince; and Europe may sincerely hope that, despite ominous signs, his generous desires will be amply fulfilled.

GEORGE HOOPER.

The journey of the new Emperor, attended by his English physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and accompanied by the Empress and his daughters, from San Remo to Berlin, was related in our last. It occupied thirty-eight hours, from the starting, on Saturday, March 10, soon after nine in the morning, to past eleven o'clock on the Sunday night. His Majesty was met at Genoa by the King of Italy; at Milan, by the Duke of Aosta; at Munich, by the Queen Dowager of Bavaria; and at Leipzig, by Prince Bismarck and the other Prussian Ministers. He rested well on the Sunday night, at the Palace of Charlottenburg, and attended to business on the Monday, receiving visits from his son, the Imperial Crown Prince William, from Prince Bismarck, and Count Moltke. The apartments occupied by the Emperor are on the first floor of the west wing; those of Sir Morell Mackenzie are close at hand, and he never left the palace during the first days, seeing the Emperor at fixed times once in four hours. His Majesty did not go out, except to walk in the covered orangery; he wrote a good deal, went to bed at eleven, rose at eight, and took his meals with his family, but ate little solid food. He was usually accompanied by the Empress Victoria, his younger son Prince Henry, the three young Princesses, and his sister, the Grand Duchess of Baden. One of his first Imperial acts was to confer the Order of the Black Eagle on the Empress, his wife, and also on his old tutor, Dr. Friedberg, the Minister of Justice; expressing his regret that there was no mark of distinction he could give to Prince Bismarck which that Minister had not already received. The Emperor continued on the Tuesday to dispatch various matters of business, conferring with Count Radolinsky, the Court Marshal and the Chief of the Civil Cabinet, and with General Albedyll, Chief of the Military Cabinet, speaking very little, but writing in pencil, on slips of paper, what he had to say. It was understood that his Majesty had resolved to make considerable changes in these departments. He next day saw Count Von Stolberg, the Minister of the Royal Household, and Count Eulenberg, Master of the Ceremonies, with whom he settled the arrangements for the funeral of the late Emperor; he received all the messages of condolence from foreign Governments and Princes, and directed that friendly answers should be sent immediately. On the same day, Wednesday, the 14th, his Majesty received the deputation of the Berlin Town Council, to whose address, read by Herr Von Forckenbeck, the Burgomaster, he gave a written reply, which the Empress read aloud; and the Emperor shook hands with each of the Civic Magistrates and Aldermen. The Empress Augusta, his mother, was with her son in the evening of that day. The Prince of Wales, who had arrived from England, lunched with their Majesties on the Thursday. It was intended that the Presidents of the German Reichstag, or Diet, and of the Upper and Lower House of the Prussian Landtag, should come to the Emperor at Charlottenburg, on the day after the funeral, when his Majesty would take the oath to maintain the German and Prussian Constitutions; but the ceremony is deferred.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM I.

On Friday, March 16, at noon, the mortal remains of the late German Emperor and King of Prussia, after ninety years of life and a reign that will be famous in the history of Europe, were solemnly deposited in the Royal Mausoleum of Charlottenburg, adjacent to Berlin. Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, furnishes illustrations of the grand and imposing funeral, which lacked, indeed, what should have been its most interesting feature, the presence of the new Emperor and King, Frederick III., compelled by the state of his health and by the severe weather to remain within the Palace at Charlottenburg; but which was attended by Kings and Royal Princes, and by representatives of all European nations, as well as of Germany, and was especially a demonstration of patriotic loyalty on the part of the capital and Kingdom of valiant Prussia.

The body of the aged Monarch lay in State at the Domkirche or Cathedral of Berlin from Monday, the 12th, to the Thursday night, on a catafalque erected in front of the altar, covered with purple velvet, having an ermine border. The Emperor's head, on a white silk pillow, was covered with his military cap, the body clad in the uniform of the 1st Regiment of the Guards, and wrapped in the grey military cloak. The decorations on the breast were the Star of the Black Eagle, the Order pour le Mérite, and the Grand Cross of the Iron Cross suspended from the neck. At the feet was deposited a laurel wreath. By the catafalque were placed five tabourets, with the crown, insignia, and orders of the late Emperor. On each side were three large candelabra, each holding thirty lighted wax tapers. An immense mass of floral wreaths, some of huge size, and of every variety of design, accumulated round the catafalque. The highest Court dignitaries and officials and Generals of the Prussian Army kept guard over the body of their Sovereign. The whole interior of the church, its columns as well as the altar and pulpit, had been draped in black. It was densely thronged with visitors coming in and going out. The Empress Victoria, the Crown Prince, and others of the Imperial family, early visited the church; the Crown Prince returned with the officers of his Hussar regiment of Guards. The Prince of Wales, on the Thursday, with Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Cambridge, paid his reverence to the body of the deceased Emperor; so did the Crown Prince of Austria, the Czarevitch, the King of the Belgians, the King and Queen of Roumania, the Crown Princes of Denmark and of Sweden, and the German Grand Dukes and Princes.

The streets and public edifices of Berlin, as the day of the funeral approached, put on their garb of mourning. In front of the Cathedral, the Royal Palace, the monument of Frederick the Great, the Palace of the Crown Prince, in the Unter den Linden, the Brandenburg Thor or Gate, the National Museum, the Government offices, and the Russian, Austrian, and French Embassies, were sombre decorations. Along the Unter den Linden were ranged tall candelabra, wreathed with fir and black cloth, supporting grates for small fires; and there was a grand funeral arch, with the Prussian Black Eagle on the top. Another arch was erected in the Thiergarten, the public park, through which the procession would pass westward to Charlottenburg.

The funeral ceremonies, on the Friday, began with a religious service in the Cathedral, performed by the Rev. Dr. Kögel, the Court Chaplain, assisted by other clergymen. The high Court officials and Ministers of State, not including Prince Bismarck, stood at the tabourets around the bier; the Empress Victoria, with the Princesses of the Imperial family, the Queen of Roumania, and other ladies of Royal or Princely rank, occupied seats to the left of the altar; the King of Saxony, King of the Belgians, King of Roumania, Imperial and Royal Crown Princes, Grand Dukes, and many other Princes, to the right. After the benediction, the soldiers outside fired three salutes, and the military officers, General Von Pape, commanding the Guards, and his aides-de-camp, General Von Lehnndorff and Prince Radziwill, with drawn swords, took their post at the head of the coffin, while deputations from several Prussian, Bavarian, Saxon, and Wurtemberg regiments drew up at its foot. The coffin was then raised by twelve Colonels, and carried, preceded by the Royal Chamberlains, and the State Ministers bearing the Imperial insignia, followed by the Imperial banner to the Royal hearse, while four Knights of the Order of the Black Eagle had to hold the corners of the pall, and the Generals to carry the baldquin above the Royal coffin. The organ continued playing whilst her Majesty and the Royal family took their places in the funeral procession. The procession then started amidst the pealing of all the bells of the town, over the Castle bridge, through the centre promenade Unter den Linden, through the Brandenburg Gate, as far as the Sieges-Allee. It was escorted by squadrons from eight cavalry regiments, with trumpeters, seven battalions of infantry (the Guards), with regimental bands, and twelve guns of field artillery. The Royal household preceded the different "insignia," the Electoral Sword and Hat of Brandenburg, the Order of the Black Eagle, the Imperial Seal, Sword, Globe, and Sceptre, and the Royal Crown, each carried by a Minister of State. Then came the hearse, drawn by six black horses led by Staff Colonels, with Generals holding the pall and baldquin. The late Emperor's war-horse was led behind it. General Von Pape bore the Imperial banner of white silk with a black eagle. The foreign Kings, Crown Princes, German Grand Dukes, and Royal Princes, walked together, mostly wearing their hats and cloaks, followed by Ambassadors, Generals, and officers of their suites. The Imperial Chancellor Prince Bismarck, and Field-Marshal Count Moltke, could not join the procession; but the Councillors of State, the Presidents of the German Reichstag and Prussian Landtag, the heads of the Government offices and of the Church, and deputations from the Universities, magistracy, provincial councils, and municipalities passed in due order. In rear of the procession were more infantry and artillery. The line of route from the Cathedral to the Sieges-Allee was kept by various guilds of the town, and by students of the German Universities. The widowed Empress Augusta saw the procession from a window of the Old Palace.

At the Sieges-Allee, in the Thiergarten, the Imperial and Royal personages, with many others of rank, left the procession and entered their carriages to drive on to Charlottenburg. The Empress Victoria and the Crown Prince, and others of the Imperial family, were in the Palace there with the Emperor, who looked out from an upper window to see the procession go through the park to the Mausoleum. It passed through a long avenue of pine and fir trees, to that small marble building, at the door of which the coffin was taken from the hearse and carried in, to be laid between the tombs of King Frederick William III. and Queen Louisa, parents of the late Emperor. The chief mourners, the Empress Victoria, the Crown Prince and Prince Henry, and the Grand Duchess of Baden, with their friends, then entered the Mausoleum. The walls inside were decorated with wreaths of flowers. The Rev. Dr. Kögel said over the coffin a few prayers and a blessing. Finally, the Empress and all the other mourners, one by one, knelt by the coffin in silent prayer. At their departure, a salute of 101 guns was fired by the artillery in the park. All was over by four in the afternoon.



SOLDIERS AT BERLIN TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR.